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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 108.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 27, 1905 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Speaight*

The new Countess of Ilchester and her daughter

The Earl of Ilchester, formerly Lord Stavordale, succeeded to the new title upon the recent death of his father, the well-known racing peer and owner of Holland House

No. 108.—Vol. VIII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 27, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	645
Random Jottings	647
Topictator	649
The World's Pageant	652
Beauty on the Stage	662
Two Peeps at Palestine	664
The Spanish Home Rule Question ...	665
Marriage à la Mode	666
Where Parliament First Met	667
The Churchyard of Gray's "Elegy" ...	667
Matters Musical	668
Illustrated Irish Hunts No. 3: A Day with the Galway "Blazers"	670
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 3.—"Dead Violets." By Leonard Merrick	675
Tunnelled London: The Latest Tube Railway	678
Field, Stream, and Covert	679
A Bookman's Gossip	683
The Connoisseur	686
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	687
Lawn Tennis	689
Bridge	692
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	693
Santa Claus: A Drama in Two Scenes	695

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Normandy." By Gordon Home. (Dent: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Crashaw's Poems." The Muses Library. (Routledge: 1*s.* net.)

"Cupid and Psyche." By William Adlington. New edition. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Flower Poems." By Robert Herrick. New edition. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Pity of War." By F. N. Connell. (H. J. Glaisher: 4*s.* 6*d.*)

"Nature in Eastern Norfolk." By Arthur H. Patterson. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Brave Nan." By Isabella C. Blackwood. (Gall and Inglis.)

"The Sparrow with One White Feather." By Lady Ridley. (Smith Elder: 6*s.* net.)

"The Cruise of the Conquestador: Being the Further Adventures of the Motor Pirate." By G. Sidney Paternoster. (*The Car* Office: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Life of Captain Smith." By A. C. Bradley. (Macmillan's English Men of Action: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"A Queen of Napoleon's Court." The Life-story of Désirée Bernadotte. By Catherine Bearne. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Recollections." By William O'Brien, M.P. (Macmillan: 14*s.* net.)

"London Charities." Edited by John Lane. (Chatto and Windus: 1*s.* 6*d.*)

"Poems of Love." By G. K. A. Bell. (Routledge: 1*s.* net.)

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A SPLENDID GIFT

To Friends and Relations at Home or Abroad. . .

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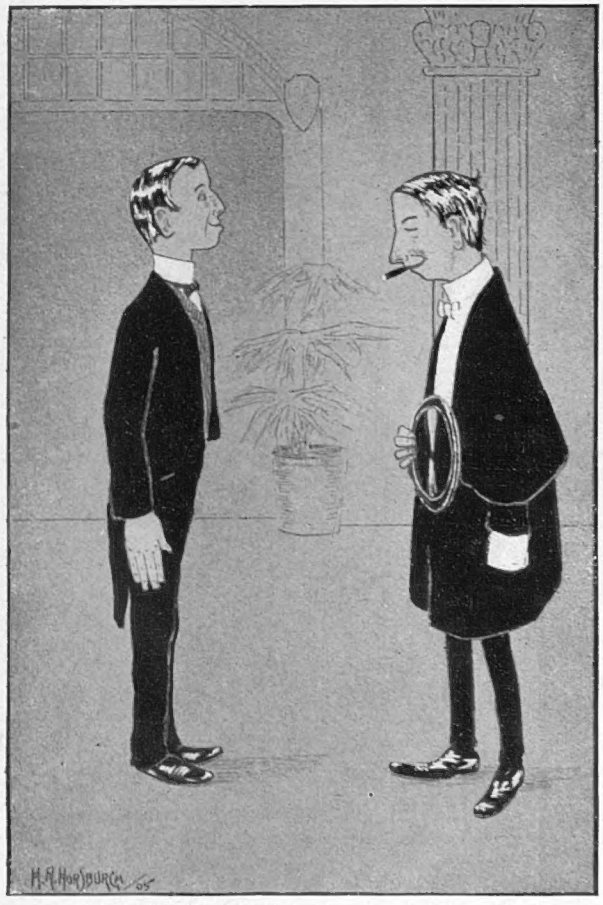
Random Jottings

What becomes of Christmas presents? They seem to me to vanish at least as mysteriously as pins, unless they happen to have taken the form of a library, which cannot be got into the box-room, and will serve as a stumbling-block for some months to come, until the unhappy recipient goes out and bribes a second-hand bookseller to take it away. Most men could no more say what they were given last year than they can say what they will be given next. But they are content. They know that whatever it was, a razor-case, perhaps, with holly-berries hand-painted upon it, will soon vanish into a drawer and bother them no more. It is not as if the monstrous inventions which the shopkeepers foist upon a dazed public will constantly be turning up again. These things are not made to last as a rule. We have much to be thankful for.

Some people say that the season is becoming Americanised. Certainly I confess to a feeling as of having been hanging on to a strap for the past fortnight, and I understand that doctors are busy. But that may be the weather. Our big shops have not, at any rate, tried the plan of having anthems sung in them as the New York stores are said to have done. What success has attended this departure in New York has not been stated. Somehow it is difficult to picture oneself buying a bigger cheese because a full-throated chorus is warbling "When Shepherds" Personally, I should buy a smaller one. On the other hand, if I had bought one, and were waiting for my change, I might be tempted to hurry off without it. I think a good many people would. In this way the anthem-singing might reward the enterprising proprietor. Or, again, it might be useful at a large sale in the millinery department. Music has charms to soothe the savage breast.



"A rose by any other name——"

WILKINS: "May I call you a cab, sir?"
CHRISTMAS DINER *(after the feast)*: "Call me what you like, old chap; I shan't mind"

Cabinet Ministers, and Others

(With acknowledgments, for the metre, to the Authors of "Biography for Beginners")

The Right Honourable John Burns
Diffuses a spirit of breeziness wherever he turns;
But Local Government Board clerks will not feel easy
If he expects them to be breezy.

Mr. Winston Churchill
Would lead an army admirably, and not conduct a North Pole search ill;
What, however, we want to know
Is whether he can protect the Colonies against Joe?

Honest John Morley
Has started learning Bengali;
He does not care for the Hindoo religion,
But he can almost talk its pidgin.

Mr. Lloyd-George,
Ahead has certainly begun to forge;
He may yet be of assistance
To other things besides Passive Resistance.

Where should we be without the Sultan? He has recently conferred the Medjidieh Order on a gentleman of the name of Heller, "in consideration of the shock to his system occasioned by his having been an eye-witness of the attempt on the Sultan's life at the Selamlik." The following decorations are also expected to be conferred shortly:—

(1) The Order of the Prussian Eagle on a gentleman named Schmidt, "in consideration of the shock to his nervous system occasioned by his having witnessed the Kaiser's annoyance on learning for the first time that Berliners do not care for the statues of the Kaiser's ancestors in the Sieges Allee."

(2) A peerage on a gentleman of the name of Green, "in consideration of the shock to his mental balance occasioned by his being told that Mr. Balfour was in Opposition."

(3) The Order of Merit on a gentleman named Jenkins, "in consideration of the shock to his emotional equipment occasioned by his being told that his Aunt had made him a member of the *Times* Library."

The Day after Christmas: A Curtain-lifter

[TIME—*Early on Boxing Day.* SCENE—*A Breakfast-room in a Suburb. Mr. Robinson is striding up and down, heedless of Mrs. Robinson, who is supervising the coffee-pot.*]

MRS ROBINSON: What is the matter, George?

MR ROBINSON: Never again!

MRS. R.: Never again—what?

MR. R.: Never again do I spend my Christmas in giving a dinner to your Uncle Edwin. We might have dined out at three separate houses—among friends. But no! Uncle Edwin is a lonely old bachelor. No one is likely to invite Uncle Edwin if we do not. For Uncle Edwin's sake we must stop at home. We must buy a turkey—at 1*s.* 3*d.* per pound, to be burnt by your cook. We must get in champagne, of which Uncle Edwin, after abusing it, drinks two bottles. And what do we get for it? A cheque? No! A threepenny tin trumpet for the boy and an infernally squeaking rabbit for Aileen. (*Pauses in his stride, as the door is opened after a tapping.*) What is it, cook?

COOK (*addressing herself to Mrs R.*): Please, 'm, Mary an' me wishes to give a month's notice.

MRS. R.: What, just after receiving that handsome Christmas present, Kelly?

COOK: It ain't a matter of presents, 'm—which, pardon me, but I'm accustomed to get in whatever place I'm in. It's having all one's strivings and privings thrown back in one's teeth, and made a mock of by the master of the house before company—which Mary told me what Mr. Robinson said at dinner yesterday, 'm—about the turkey. No more burnt that turkey weren't than what any bird would be with an oven which——

MR. R.: Always the oven——

COOK (*bridling*): Begging your pardon, sir, which it was to the Missis I was talking—

MRS. R. (*hurriedly*): Very well, Kelly . . . I'll come down later. . . . You can go now. (*Cook departs.*) I do wish, George, that—(*Another tap*). . . . Oh, what is it, nurse?

NURSE: Master Percy have been sick three times already this morning——

MR. R.: Blowing that trumpet, I suppose——

MRS. R.: Or the mince-pies you would let the poor child eat yesterday——

NURSE: And Miss Haileen, mum—I don't wish to frighten you—but she've come out all over in pink spots—only this two minutes past——

MRS. R. (*springing up*): Poor darling. . . . We must get the doctor at once—it may be scarlet fever.

MR. R.: I should get a couple of specialists, too. Lots in Harley Street. And they can all make out a bill.

MRS. R.: How can you joke, George, when the poor child may be—I shudder to think of it. Nurse, fly round to Dr. Rabson. (*A knock at the front door is heard, and a moment later the housemaid enters with a paper.*) What is it that you want, Mary?

HOUSEMAID: Please, 'm, the conductor of the Tooting Christmas Minstrels, an' would you like to give a Christmas-box?

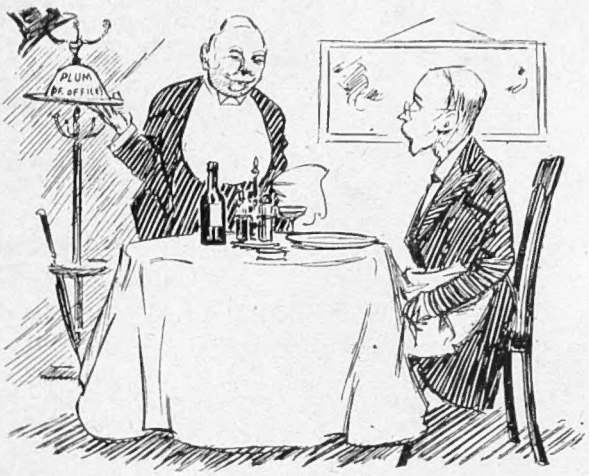
[*Exit Mr. R., furiously, with a big stick.*]

NURSE: Thank goodness, mum, it do come but the once every year.

A "PLOWDENISM"

"I wish, your Honour, that my sick client was able to be present, instead of lying in bed"
"Better be lying in bed than lying here!"

The Topictator



(*Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, after refusing a peerage in lieu of office, has now been offered and has accepted both*)

'ENERY (*the attentive waiter*): "I've got ɣer a little bit o' Plum Puddin', sir; thought I sh'd 'ave to put you off with some cold ɹeerage"

LORD EDMOND: "Thanks. I'll take both"

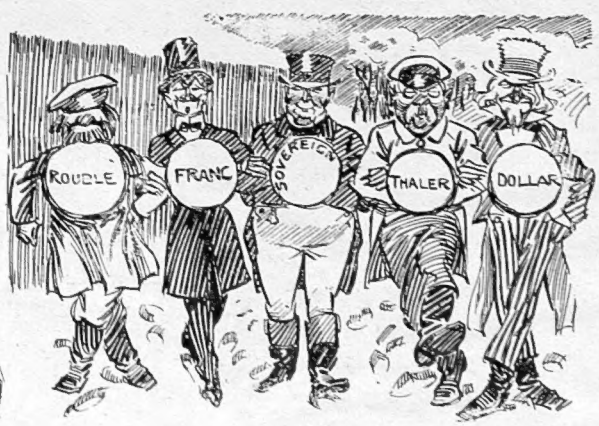
Mark Tapleys

FIRST UNEMPLOYED: "Merry Chris'mas, ɱate"

SECOND UNEMPLOYED: "Same to you, mate, an' many of 'em"

Eating the Leek

"Good-bye! My way lies yonder. Think of me as kindly as you can"

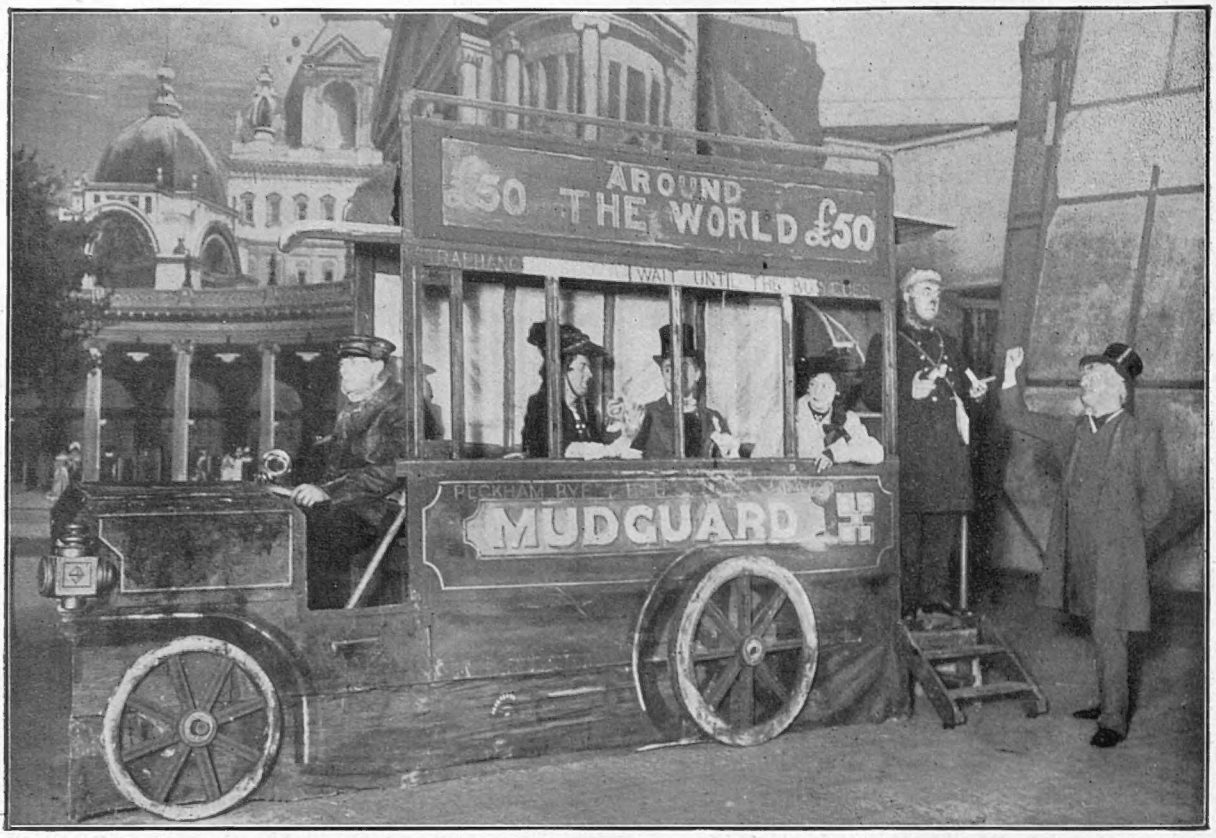


Seasonable Optimists

CHORUS OF NATIONS: "Mɔney may be 'tight,' but Christmas com s but once a year"

Fun at the Empire

THE EPISODE IN "THE REVUE" OF THE MUDGUARD MOTOR BUS



The "Mudguard" line marks a distinct advance upon rival companies, as it calls at all the important towns on the globe, and even goes to Heligoland. In the scene above a director attempts to board the 'bus without a ticket. The conductor will not take him as a passenger without a ticket. "My face is my ticket," retorts the director. "Well, I've got to punch the tickets, so ——"

Photos by *Campbell-Gray*

It is perhaps, superfluous to remark that the "Mudguard" motor-'bus does not complete its tour of the world without a serious breakdown. Driver, conductor, and passengers, look for the cause of the breakdown. Finally, one who has made a minute examination beneath the car, announces: "Of course the thing won't go, you've got a man wedged in there!"

Fun at the Empire

A CLEVER BOURCHIER BURLESQUE

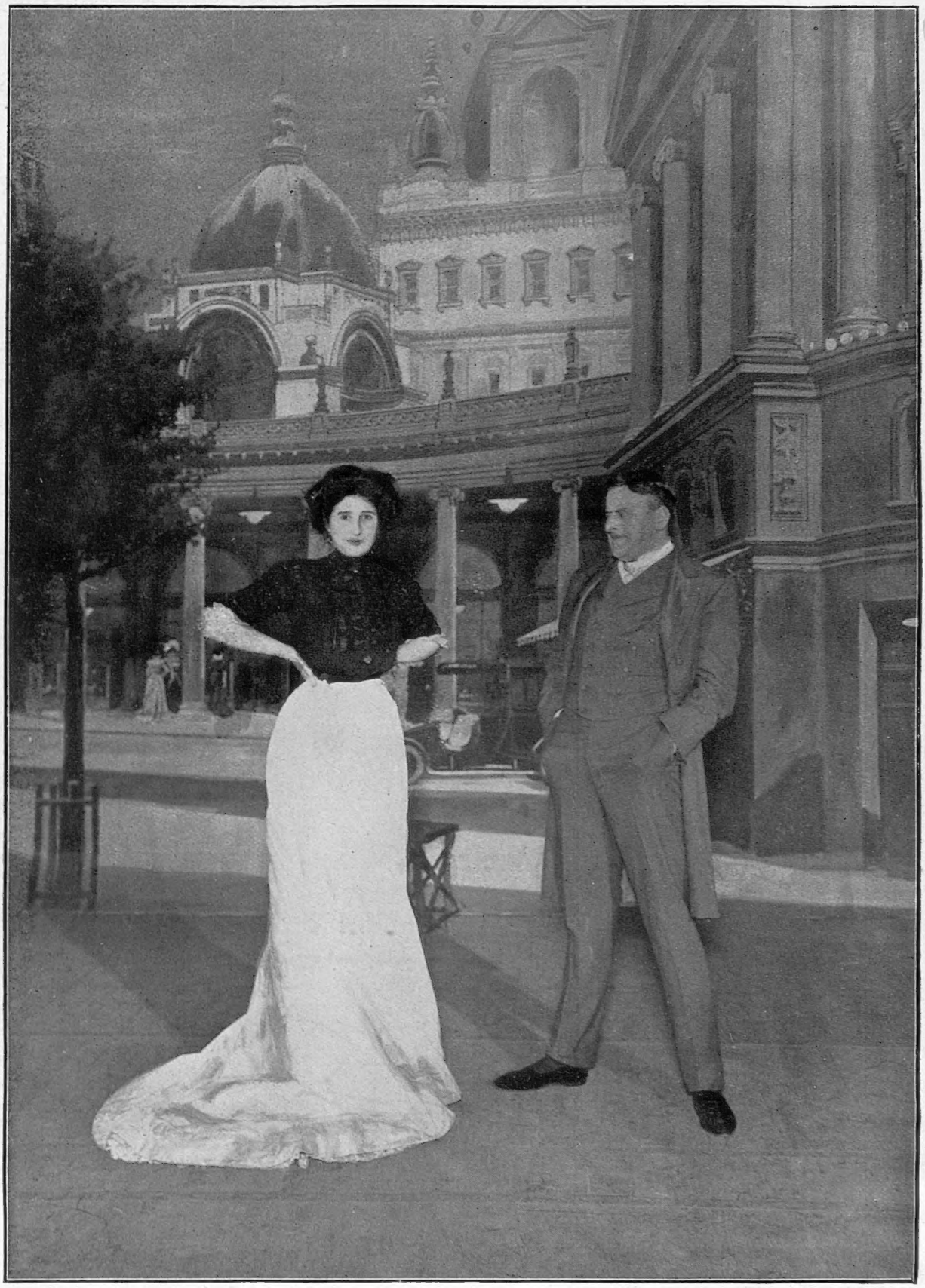


Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Miss Marie Dainton and Mr. Arthur Playfair

Who, in the Empire *Revue, Rogues and Vagabonds*, give most amusing imitations of Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Miss Dainton is giving a hitch to her waist, characteristic of Miss Vanbrugh, while Mr. Playfair has caught the attitude of Mr. Bourchier—feet apart, hands in pockets, and purse to the lips. This good-humoured skit causes roars of laughter, especially when "Miss Vanbrugh" reproaches the actor-manager for making her play leads without any salary because she is his wife!

A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE: PRINCIPALS IN THE WATT TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY

SKETCHED IN COURT BY CLEMENT FLOWER

1. Sir Reginald Beauchamp
2. Mr. C. Matthews (who prosecuted for the Crown)
3. "Lightfoot" or Norman Battle (witness for defence at police-court; afterwards convicted of perjury)
4. Mrs. Julia Watt (who, previous to trial, obtained *decree nisi* on ground of her husband's adultery with Lady Violet Beauchamp. *Decree* never made absolute)
5. Mr. Hugh Watt in the dock
6. Lady Violet Beauchamp
7. James Shuttle (alleged by the Crown to have been solicited by Mr. Watt to murder Mrs. Watt)
8. Mr. Horace Avory, K.C. (principal Counsel for defence)
9. Mr. Justice Phillimore (before whom the case was tried)

A Royal Beauty

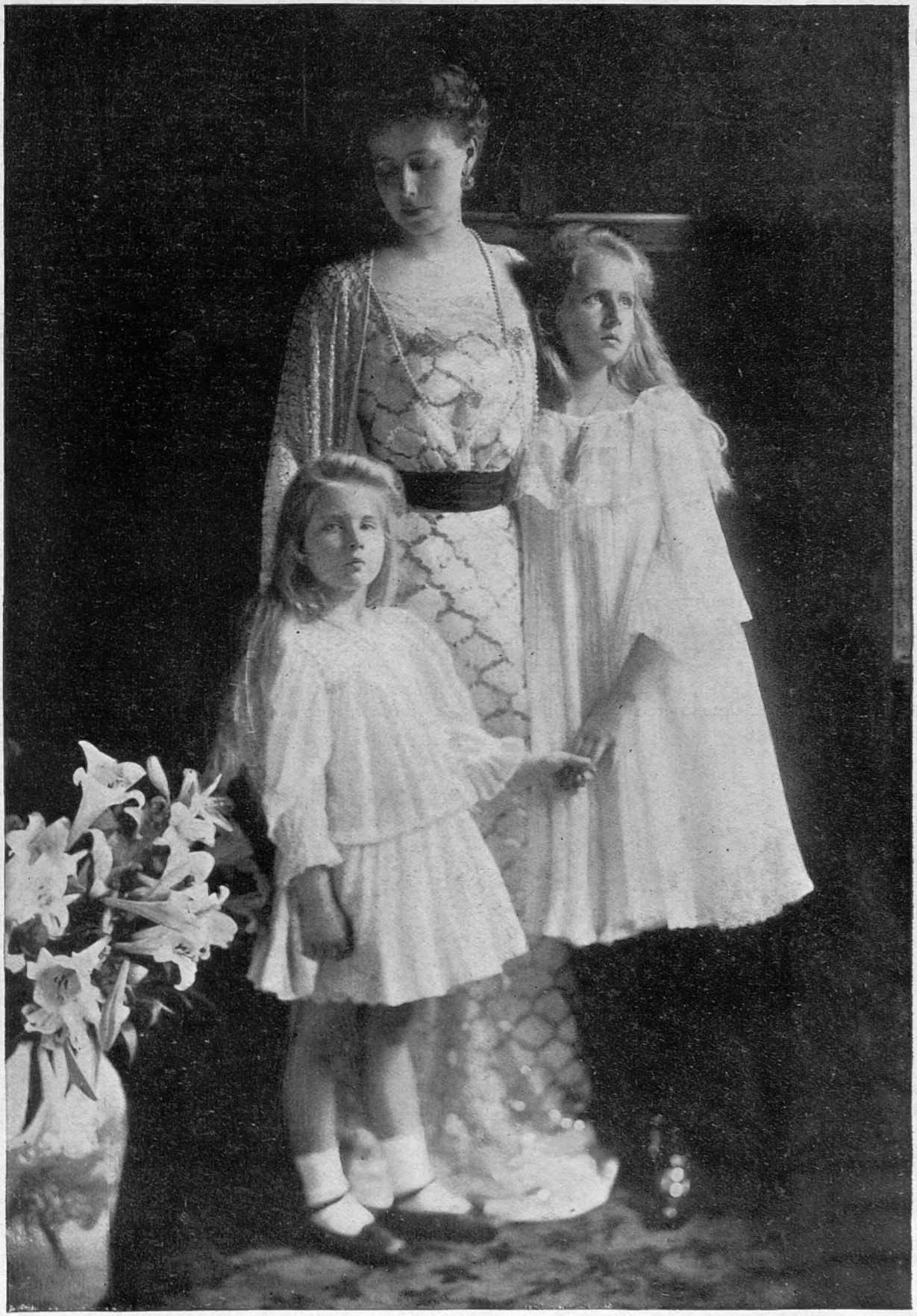


Photo by *E. Uhlenhuth*

The Crown Princess of Roumania and her Daughters

The future Queen of Roumania (formerly Princess Marie of Edinburgh) is often described as the prettiest of King Edward's nieces. She is fond of paying flying visits to England, and last summer stayed with her children at a quiet seaside resort. (See page 656)

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Watt Case

On page 652 will be found sketches made in Court of the principals in one of the most sensational *causes célèbres* of recent years. The Watt case has been before the public in various forms for so lengthy a period that it was not until the theatre of operations was shifted to the Old Bailey that the man in the street was enabled to gather up the threads of this finely spun web of charge and counter-charge. At the Old Bailey they have a wonderful way of disposing of cases which in their Police Court stages have appeared interminable. But the Watt case, which arrived at the Criminal Court by way of the Divorce, Appeal, and Police Courts, led to a protest upon the part of the jury on the score of its exceeding length. Jurymen are not a long-suffering race. They never take kindly to this duty of their citizenship But the good men and true who have sat through the final scene in this drama of love and hate, may be said to have earned the years' exemption from future service which their attendance has won them.

The Ranee of Sarawak

One of the most charming and fascinating personalities in twentieth-century Society is Lady Brooke, the Ranee of Sarawak. A sister of Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous traveller, the Ranee has been married some thirty odd years; but she does not look her age, for she is a tall, beautiful woman, with a striking and original taste in dress. Her Highness is the only Englishwoman who has a right to the title of Ranee, and it was as the consort of a reigning Sovereign that Queen Victoria received her during the last year of her late Majesty's reign. Though she now makes her home in England at East Ascot, where she has a delightful country place, the Ranee has spent a good deal of her life in Sarawak. She went there as a bride, and not long after her marriage, while Rajah Brooke was absent on an expedition, she and her servant were besieged in a fort by angry savages, but Lady Brooke, by her resourcefulness and courage, managed to avert all danger. Lady Brooke has always taken more than usual interest in art and in artists. She was the first gifted amateur to take up enamelling, and her jewels, both designed and actually enamelled by herself, are said to rival, as regards originality and beauty, the works of the great Lalique himself.

Viscountess Crichton

Lady Crichton, who, with her husband, Viscount Crichton, is accompanying the Prince and Princess of Wales on their Indian tour, is a close friend of the Princess. It is curious to note that, while the aunt of the Duke of Westminster, she is younger than her nephew. As Lady Mary Grosvenor, she was a great deal in Ireland, and there met her husband, Lord Erne's eldest son and heir, at the Viceregal Court. There will soon be a double link between the Crichton and Grosvenor families, for Lady Crichton's sister-in-law, Lady Mabel, is to be married to Lord Hugh Grosvenor, a son of the late Duke of Westminster.

Where a British Rajah Rules: The Harbour at Sarawak

Though a British Protectorate, and nominally ruled from Downing Street, Sarawak is practically governed autocratically by the Brooke dynasty, Sir James Brooke having, in 1841, after a series of fierce battles with the natives in rebellion against the Sultan of Borneo, been appointed Rajah, a title still enjoyed by his descendants. The chief town, Kuching, has 25,000 inhabitants, and a good trade with Singapore

The Ranee of Sarawak at Home

Photo by *W. Ford*

Lady Brooke feeding her pigeons in her garden at Ascot

Lady Brooke, the consort of the reigning Rajah of Sarawak (Sir Charles Brooke), has for some years now resided in England at her country seat at East Ascot, where, throughout the winter months, she is very busy organising concerts and other entertainments on behalf of the poor of her district and for London charities

Law Officers of the Crown

Lord Crichton, who is strikingly handsome, accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales during their Colonial tour, and his marriage took place in 1903, about a year after his return home.

Photo by *Speaight*

Lady Crichton and Baby

Lady Crichton has just sailed for India to join her husband, who is in attendance on the Prince of Wales

The King's Prettiest Niece

The Crown Princess of Roumania, who is now in great anxiety owing to the danger of her first cousin, the Tsar, and of her favourite cousin, the Tsarina, has been described as the prettiest of King Edward's many charming nieces. The eldest daughter and the second child of the then Duke of Edinburgh, her Royal Highness was born at Eastwell Park, just thirty years ago. After her marriage she showed the most enthusiastic interest in the national customs, and even in the national costume, and often wore the latter. The Crown Princess is nothing if not independent in thought and action, and she resembles in many ways her aunt, the Duchess of Argyll, being possessed of the same artistic talent. Meeting her for the first time, one would imagine her an American, and even her accent is tinged with a slight Americanism. There is something at once Imperial and Bohemian in her address, and the combination is a distinctly fascinating one The Princess is a fearless rider, a clever linguist, paints well and embroiders exquisitely, always after her own design. Her talent for thinking out pretty clothes is well known. Had her lines been cast in other places, she could easily have made her fortune as a milliner. In her bright, vivacious way she will tell you that she believes in the great art of "pinning," and it is a fact that the wonderful golden tissue and accordion-pleated heliotrope robe she wore at the Coronation and at the Indian reception in that same season was pinned on by her own deft fingers. She believes thoroughly in the Bucharest dressmakers, and but seldom orders a frock from Paris. Her Royal Highness never forgets that she is a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland; she is fond of paying flying visits to this country, and this last summer she and her children spent quite a long time in a little seaside place, living a homely, untrammelled life.

The Discoverer of "Argon"

In being elected President of the Royal Society in place of Sir William Huggins, Lord Rayleigh is not associating himself with any unfamiliar duties, for he was connected with that august body as secretary for nine years, from 1887 till 1896. Perhaps the one incident in his long and distinguished career which brought Lord Rayleigh most into popular notice was his discovery of "Argon," in conjunction with Professor Ramsay, for which he has received the Faraday medal, the Hodgkins' Prize of the Smithsonian Institute, and other great and richly endowed awards. A fact not often cited about Lord Rayleigh is that he is the brother-in-law of Mr. Balfour by his marriage with the ex-Premier's sister, a fact which, no doubt, has largely influenced that statesman's interest in science and philosophy.

Photo by *Beresford*

Mr. W. S. Robson, K.C.

The new Solicitor-General, who gave the Unionist Government valuable support during the war in South Africa

Photo by *Beresford*

Mr. J. Lawson Walton, K.C.

The new Attorney-General, who has led in many a *cause célèbre*

The New President of the Royal Society

The Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh

The celebrated scientist, who occupies the Chair of the Royal Society this year, having been elected to it on St. Andrew's Day, in place of Sir William Huggins

DRAWN BY B. KRONSTRAND

The Most Democratic Constitution in the World

Switzerland and its Government

Democratic principles having, after a long interval, gained the ascendancy in British politics, it is interesting to look abroad, and see the Democracy at work under different conditions. Switzerland has long been held up to us, by advanced Democrats, as having the ideal form of representative government. The Carlylean doctrine of "one man rule" finds less than no place in the Alpine Republic. The President is strictly under control, and is as little comparable to Roosevelt or Loubet as he is to the Tsar or the Sultan of Turkey. He is elected annually, for one year, in rotation, like a Lord Mayor of London, and receives, while in office, the salary of £720. Far from controlling the State policy, his power is limited to one vote in the Executive. The Swiss Legislature consists of two Houses, a National Council of 147 members, and a Council of States of forty-four members, who elect the Executive Cabinet of seven members, which holds office for three years. Despite the seeming perfection of its Government, those who have experience say that there is as much bureaucracy and demagogic pandering in Switzerland as in any country of the world.

Dr. Ludwig Forrer, President of the Swiss Republic for 1906

M. Mark Ruchet, President of the Swiss Republic for 1905

The President of the Swiss Republic is elected annually in strict rotation, and his powers are strictly limited, being rather the President of the Executive Council than the head of the State. His salary is £720 a year

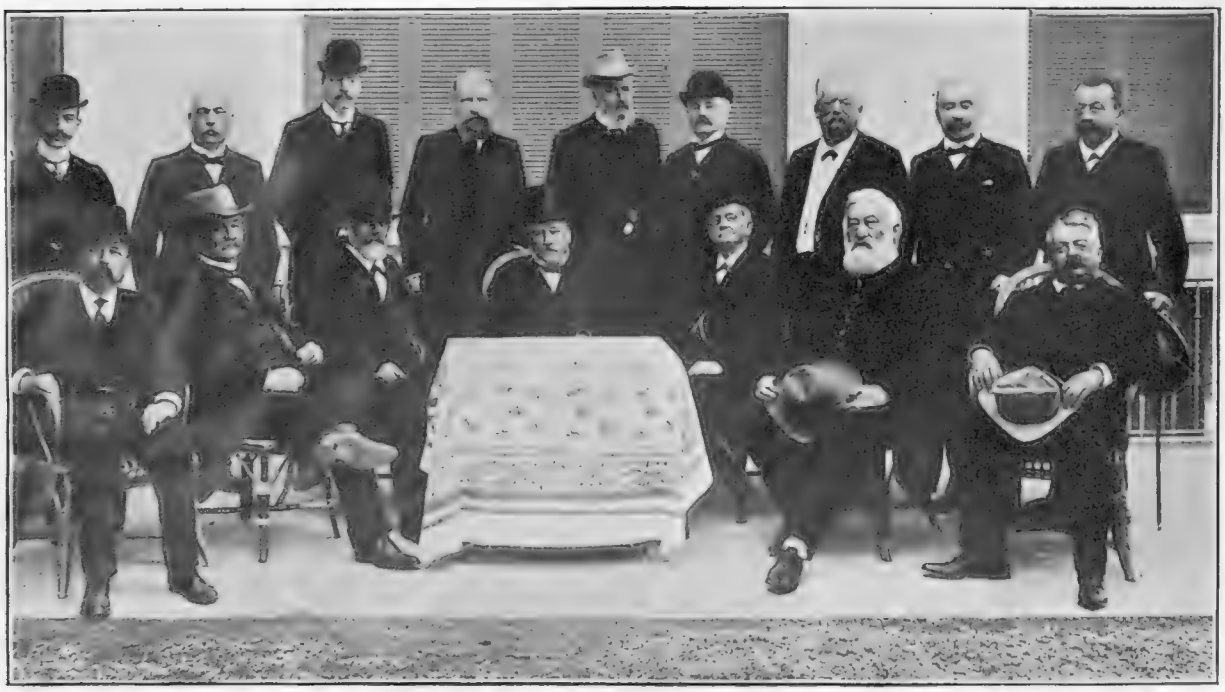


Photo by **Some Members of the Swiss Government and Ministers to Foreign Courts** [*A. Krenn*

The Swiss Parliament consists of two Chambers—the National Council and the Council of States. Members of the former are elected or three years. Switzerland is held to be, from the democratic standpoint, the model of representative government, power being not in the hands of individuals but vested in Parliament

The Right Hon. John Burns

The Member for Battersea

It might be taken as an axiom of political life that if a man can succeed as a Labour Member there is no post he is incapable of filling. The working classes are very difficult to handle. At times they seem incapable of seeing beyond their noses, and they say most unpleasant things of the man whose range of vision is rather more extended. Part of the secret of Mr. Burns's success is due to the fact that he never plays to the gallery. Other men have won temporary eminence by so doing, only to be trampled upon by the fickle "gods." Mr. Burns has trod the narrow plank of popularity without losing his head. He has received enough flattery to sap the character of a strong man. But his outlook upon life is so broad, and he has such a strong sense of humour so often denied to Labour leaders, that he has passed through the ordeal unspoilt. He never poses, though he has his little fads, of which the blue suit and the bowler hat is one. It is his dress of ceremony, and it should be remarked that the blue suit is of irreproachable cut, and the bowler hat most scrupulously brushed.

Mr. Burns's House in Lavender Hill

The modest Battersea residence of a no longer modest politician

Some two years ago, the production at His Majesty's Theatre of Mr. Claude Lowther's play drew a first night of more than usual brilliance, consisting as it did of many of the leaders of the political world. John Burns was there, dressed as usual in his blue suit. So many members of the audience came up for a chat with John Burns, that, without wishing to do so, he found himself holding a kind of miniature reception between the acts. And what struck the observer most was the perfect ease and grace of his manners. He is of the kind that adorns any society he happens to be in.

Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

Where Mr. Burns works—and thinks

The library of the workman-Minister in Lavender Hill is stocked with books. "There is not," writes an admirer, "a stupid or a useless book in it." The works which have most influenced his thoughts have been Robert Owen, John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, and Ruskin

THE PLAYHOUSES

"The Theatrocrat"

By John Davidson (E. Grant Richards)

The knowledge that his play will never be produced upon the boards gives a grand sweep to the arm of the playwright. The difficult technique of the stage is only to be learned by the poor and humble in spirit. Your proud poet barks his shins against the petty conventions of the stage directly he begins to move. He looks upon humanity with a fine rolling eye, and is for hewing off great chunks of it for stage purposes. Then patiently, but with a slight note of hopelessness in your voice, you tell him that the craftsman works not with an axe but with the most delicate tools; that he strips little pieces from humanity with the utmost care, and afterwards fashions them with his deft, delicate fingers into the prettiest fabrics imaginable. If he is a rude poet he will say that modern stagecraft is a finical business at the best, and that the drama in England can never reach real dignity until it is freed from the thraldom of convention. If you are wise and wish to put your business relations with the poet on a proper footing, you will retort: "My dear fellow, don't be a silly ass."

M. Rostand, the noted French playwright

Who will be better known to English audiences when the French theatre in London becomes an institution

Mr. Davidson's Apologia

Now it is quite unlikely that any interview between Mr. John Davidson and an actor-manager ever partook of the nature of the above imaginary conversation. But it is quite apparent, upon reading *The Theatrocrat*, that the play was never intended for production upon the boards. And if you read the introduction of forty-nine pages subdivided, you will come across, in a chapter headed "Wordsworth's Immorality and Mine," the author's apologia in which he throws interesting light upon the circumstances which led him to write not for the stage but for the study.

After Mr. Davidson's adaptation of *Pour La Couronne* for Mr. Forbes-Robertson, he received and accepted commissions for other adaptations. In a plaintive passage he adds:—

> Yet it is by them (the adaptations) my ability as a playwright has been tested; while my own plays, *Godfreda*, *Self's the Man*, *The Knight of the Maypole*, and an unpublished Arthurian play remain unproduced.

He adds with pride, which may be pardonable for all I know, not having read them:—

> The successful production of my four poetical plays, the likeliest poetical plays written for the English stage in these times, would have placed me in an independent and dominant position, from which all my writings could have come with that adventitious authority the world is powerless to disregard.

The upshot was that Mr. Davidson, disgusted with the playgoing public, and feeling, to adopt his own words, "that the stage would be well pleased to do without him," began his own tragedies and wrote *The Theatrocrat: a Tragic Play for Church and Stage.*

Why and Wherefore?

It is difficult to see exactly what purpose is achieved by writing in dramatic form a play which can never be produced upon the English stage. Freed from the thraldom of stage convention, to say nothing of the Censor, Mr. Davidson, has given himself elbow-room indeed. A phrase which runs through the play, like a *motif* in a comic opera, is "The Freedom of the Universe." After he had written the play the author chanced upon the identical phrase in Wordsworth, a happening which apparently inspired his modest little comparison between the immorality of Wordsworth and of himself.

An Amazing Bishop

The Freedom of the Universe is preached by a certain Bishop of St. James's. One of his tenets, by no means the most strongly expressed, occurs in this passage:—

> That Christianity is the foe of life,
> Of health, of wealth, of intellect and strength;
> The friend of all the feeble, the diseased,
> The low, the loathsome, the depraved, the dirt,
> The offal of mankind.

With charming *naïveté* one of the characters asks him if he preached these doctrines at Westminster!

This amazing Bishop is the great friend of Sir Tristram Sumner, the theatrocrat. Sir Tristram having ceased to love his wife, the Bishop calmly pronounces a decree of divorce.

Upon every occasion the Bishop preaches his unpopular doctrines, but when he attempts to ram them down the throats of a packed audience waiting to see the production of *Troilus and Cressiaa*, the enraged people tear up the theatre and kill the blasphemous Bishop. Others who carry out the idea of tragedy by coming to an untimely end are Lady Sumner, who poisons herself, and dies in the arms of her former lover, Warwick Groom, an actor, and Sir Tristram, who is murdered by Groom.

Mr. Davidson at Fault

Occasionally Mr. Davidson is at fault. In one scene he makes Lady Sumner lead the hissing in the gallery upon the first night of her husband's production of *Troilus and Cressida*. One would have thought that Mr. Davidson would be sufficiently *au courant* with stage usage to know that the gallery do not hiss—they boo. E. C. S.

Madame Bernhardt's adventure in Canada seems to show that travelling celebrities ought not to give opinions at large about the country they are travelling in. Instead, they should carry a little pamphlet containing their "credo," which could be handed to interviewers, when necessary. Something after this style would save a lot of eggs from being wastefully hurled about :—

"I believe that [Canada]

(1) "Is the greatest centre of literature and art in the world. Shakespeares abound here. So do Michael Angelos. Their modesty is as remarkable as their genius. That is why I have never heard of them till now.

(2) "Is the freest, most tolerant, enlightened, gumptious, and up-to-date country I have ever struck. I wish I had been born here, but my parents didn't think of it in time."

This would ensure safe travelling in the wildest parts.

Mlle. de Dio

Who is appearing at the Palace in a new and sensational series of dances with fire and water effect

Miss Annie Russell at her home in New York

Miss Russell is an American star, who, before her present appearance as "Major Barbara," the Salvationist lass in Mr. G. B. Shaw's play, was not often seen in London though playgoers will recall her acting in *Sue*

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Bystander" Theatre Guide

Garrick, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Well over the fiftieth night mark.

Adelphi, at 8: *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*—Seems paradoxical, but this is an ideal Christmassy production.

Wyndham's, at 8.45: *Public Opinion.*—An amusing farce, with one situation running through three acts without slowing down.

New, at 9: *Captain Drew* is drawing.

Court, at 8.15: *Major Barbara.*—Entertaining discussion by G. B. S. Oh, why does Bill Walker bash sweet Jenny Hill?

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Temptation of Samuel Burge.*—Amusing farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn. At 8.45: *The Perfect Lover.*—An ethical play, with good situations and well acted.

Apollo, at 8.15: *Mr. Popple (of Appleton)* is Mr. Huntley in his best form, as a countryman in London.

Waldorf, at 8.45: *Lights Out.*—A strong dish, though adapter omitted to put in Teutonic flavouring.

Great Queen Street Theatre: The German Company.—Always worth a visit.

St. James's, at 8.30: *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*—First performance to-night (Wednesday)

Duke of York's Theatre, at 8: *Peter Pan.*—Return of an old favourite.

His Majesty's Theatre, at 8: *The Tempest.*—Revived.

Musical plays at Daly's, Criterion, Gaiety, Lyric.—Take them in order named.

Beauty on the Stage
IN ENGLAND

Photos by
Miss Pauline Chase

Biograph Studio
Miss Nell Richardson

Photo by *Bassano*
Miss Doris Stocker

Photo by *Biograph Studio*
Miss Clare Rickards

A French contemporary claims that the standard of beauty is higher on the French than on the English stage. Comparisons—

Beauty on the Stage

IN FRANCE

Mlle. Robinne

Mlle. Anna Held

Mme. D'Albray

Mlle. Cavalieri

Photos by Reutlinger

—are odious, except, of course, when the subjects are as fair as these two quartettes of English and French actresses

FROM ABROAD

Two Peeps at Palestine

Jaffa: The Mediterranean from the house of Simon the Tanner

Jaffa, to-day, is chiefly known for its large export trade in oranges. It preserves its ancient appearance, and some of its old houses, including the above, which is famous as having afforded shelter to our Lord

The Jordan at Jericho

View of the famous river of scripture as it flows near Jericho. The river varies much in breadth, from 30 to 50 yards, and is 1,700 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and crosses Palestine from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea

The Spanish Home Rule Question

A street in Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia, which wants to separate from Spain

Spain is also at the present moment in the throes of a Home Rule controversy. Catalonia, the province of which Barcelona is the capital, has put forward exactly the same demand for Home Rule as that of Mr. Redmond and his followers. Barcelona is Spain's most important manufacturing town, her second seaport, and is famous for its explosive political fervour

Marriage à la Mode

Latest Marriage Proposals

[Married people should have separate homes, whether houses, flats, chambers, or what not. Of course, there is nothing to prevent each of them inviting the other to stay for a certain number of days or even weeks; but at the end of the time the guest will return to his own fireside. To be unable to rid ourselves of uncongenial society is torture undiluted.—C. B. Wheeler, in *Broad Views*.]

Extract from the diary of Adolphus Q.

"Only two days more of this honey-moon business, thank heaven! and then for the Albany and freedom again! By the way, wonder where Flossie is going to live? Must ask her. Idea: Make a note of this for next time I see her."

Extract from the diary of Flossie Q.

"Only two—two—two more days, and then for the heaven of my flat! Dear, dear little flat, how dear you look to me, and how much dearer since I tried the experiment of living with Adolphus. *Broad Views* know a thing or two; living in one house with one's husband *is* rot."

"HELLO! GARGE! MOVIN'."
DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

A Month Later

Adolphus Q. to his wife.

"My Dearest Flossie,—I've got a little party on next Friday—a tea-kettle sort of do, you know—will you come? There are a heap of people that you like coming, and I bet you'll not find it slow. Let me know if you mean to turn up. Ta-ta.—Your devoted,

"Dol.

"P.S.—By the way, can you stay a few days? There are one or two shows worth seeing in town."

Flossie Q. to her husband.

"Dearest Dol,—No, thanks. I've been to one of your tea-parties before. Couldn't, really. Will let you know about the theatres later. Seems a good idea.

"Have been having a ripping time, staying with Mrs. S——, that gay little girl *you* once used to admire. *Te souviens-tu?*

"*Au revoir*, Dol, dear. Don't indulge in too many tea-parties. The notion is shudderful.

"Flossie."

Six Months Later

Extract from the diary of Adolphus Q.

"Confound Flossie! Five hundred pounds by return, or the bailiffs. Idea: Let her have the bailiffs! Ha, ha, excellent! She'll have to come here then. Will certainly act on this."

Flossie Q. to her husband.

"How dare you? Your own wife, too! It is monstrous."

Three Months Later

Extract from the diary of Flossie Q.

"After all, Dol isn't such a bad sort. Think I'll go on living with him—more money, too, this way—worth it, p'raps. Any way, will try it."

Extract from the diary of Adolphus Q.

"Queer, but don't seem to mind having Flossie here, after all. Idea: Persuade her to stay longer. Query, how much longer? Must think this out seriously."

Fortnight Later

Extract from the diary of Flossie Q.

"Good resolutions:—No. 1. Will live with Dol. No 2. Will pretend I hate it—though I don't."

Extract from the diary of Adolphus Q.

"Flossie's a brick. Idea: Keep her; first-rate notion; must certainly follow this out."

WHERE PARLIAMENT FIRST MET

Photo by] The Chapter House, Westminster [*Impress Studio*

The Chapter House in the East cloister of Westminster Abbey, in which the sittings of the House of Commons were first held in the reign of Edward I., and for centuries after. It became almost derelict towards the middle of the last century, and was practically rebuilt by Sir Gilbert Scott

THE CHURCHYARD OF GRAY'S "ELEGY"

Photo by] Stoke Poges Churchyard [*Frith*

The Slough Urban Council have received a letter from the Stoke Poges Parish Council urging on them the necessity of providing a burial-ground for the district immediately, as the old churchyard at Stoke Poges is so rapidly becoming filled up. The tomb of the poet Gray is to be found in Stoke Poges churchyard, the scene of the famous "Elegy," which every year is visited by thousands of English and American tourists

Matters Musical

The Problem of Tschaikowsky

Eight hundred pages about a mere musician, recording details of his daily life, his habits, his travels, his chatter, and reproductions of his letters, would seem only to justify publication in the case of one of the very greatest, and even then to circulate only amongst hero-worshippers. And yet, in turning over eagerly the pages of the "Life and Letters of Tschaikowsky," by Rosa Newmarch (John Lane), and devouring its contents with almost morbid interest, one feels that the fascination of the subject is such that no biography of him could be too voluminous. The truth must be that Tschaikowsky has, in his short death-time—since 1893, in fact—succeeded in establishing a curiosity in the average man surpassing that of any other composer of any time. It is an inverted curiosity. It is the curiosity of Jerome's friend who, learning that there was a certain ancient inn at which Queen Elizabeth had not stayed, went to see what was the matter with it. Here is Tschaikowsky, a composer whose music has swept over Europe like a cyclone, whose symphonies have moved audiences to tears, whose name on a concert programme is a guarantee of a "house," and yet, though he is with us until the mid-nineties, wearing conventional clothes, living an ordinary life in a European capital, occasionally conducting a concert or receiving a University degree, we knew nothing, absolutely, about him, less than we knew of the merest key-thumper or string-scraper who ever wore long hair and looked romantic. Why was Tschaikowsky, the great Tschaikowsky, so strangely obscure? Why, indeed! It is the curiosity in that question which explains the publication of the "Life and Letters" and its general perusal and extensive review.

Tschaikowsky, Russia's greatest composer

Whose life and letters have recently been published by Mr. John Lane

A Frock-Coated Volcano

The truth, as revealed to us, is that this great musician had none of the personal attributes of greatness. Following the natural course of Nature, he should never have been great. A nervous, spasmodic, brooding, sensitive, unstable man, by what strange freak is it that out of him rushed such torrents of emotion? Who was this collared, close-cropped, frock-coated Russian gentleman, of unimpeachable family, and official training, who had no great struggles for existence, no devastating ambition, no reforming fanaticism, lived during Russia's least troubled times, that should harrow a generation with a "Pathetic" Symphony, a "Manfred," or "Francesca da Rimini," in whose strains he depicts tragedy with an intensity that seems scarcely human or permissible? It is the disproportion between Tschaikowsky the man and musician which arouses the interest of most of us. We are overwhelmed with curiosity to know how on earth he came to do it. The fact remains that he did, and that the man's soul, despite the seeming weakness of his character, was a great one. "This music," he said to a relative, as a boy, "this music in my head. It haunts me always. It is terrible." He rides in a railway train, rushes down the Nevsky Prospect, walks in the country, travels abroad, and always, always is there a "something in his head." He was no musical carpenter, of any regular habits, he led not a detached but an eminently sociable life, and not many people ever really took him seriously. He had little regard for form in music. Riding across Russia in a train, he wrote to a friend, a theme seized him for the opening of a symphony, a wonderful theme. But where, oh where, is that theme now? It opens no symphony, but is hidden away in a small volume as a short "Cappriccio" for the pianoforte, upon which instrument it is hopelessly wasted.

His Legacy

And so on in all his work. He was a musical spendthrift; his mania simply to distribute the wealth of his imagery, and to trust to fate that his extravagance might, in the end, bring good results. He was right in his confidence, for Tschaikowsky's music is nothing if not wealthily endowed with sheer beauty of phrase and harmony, originality of rhythm, and dazzling instrumentation. It is a secret of his hold over us that we feel he has given us the best that was in him, regardless of formal restrictions; that he has scattered beauty to the four winds, with a lavishness that has not yet been fully realised by this generation. We shall have a lot more enjoyment yet from Tschaikowsky, and it will be many years before audiences tire of his name.

The I.S.M. Conference

Lowestoft has been chosen as the rendezvous of the Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians in the first week of January, in which breezy atmosphere—the Empire Hotel is the chosen rendezvous—will be discussed many interesting subjects, of which I hope to write in a later issue.

V. C.

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 3.

DEAD VIOLETS

By LEONARD MERRICK

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

"If you ever want me, write to me—I'd come to you from the end of the world!" he had said; and she had answered, "I shall always want you, but I shall never write, and you must never come." She was married.

It was in May that they parted; they parted on the day of her owning that she cared for him. The virtue was hers, not his; yet because he loved her truly, and realised that she was too good a woman to defy her conscience and be happy, he acquiesced in her decision—refrained from pleading with her, refrained from trying to see her again.

His only indulgence was to send violets to her home in Paris for the ninth of December; the ninth of December was her birthday, and violets, she had once told him, were her favourite flower. He did not scribble any greeting with them, did not even enclose a card; he was sure that she would know who sent them, and it lightened his pain to feel that she would know. Indeed, to recall himself to her thus mutely was a joy, the only joy that he had experienced since the day of the "good-bye"; almost it was as if he were going to her, that moment in the London florist's when he held the flowers that would reach her hands; she did not seem so lost to him for the moment, the separation did not seem so blank.

The next year, also, he sent violets for the ninth of December. His emotions, it is true, were less vivid this time, but he was glad to show her that he was faithful; besides, the prettiness of the reminder pleased him.

And the third year he sent them chiefly because he felt that she would be disappointed if he appeared to forget.

So it had grown to be his custom to send violets to her for her birthday, though what was once an impulse of devotion was now a falsehood—the weakness of a sentimentalist reluctant to wound a woman and his self-esteem, by admitting that he had exaggerated the importance of his feelings. And each December the woman welcomed the lie with smiles and tears, and believed that he loved her still.

When the lie was five years old he met her again. It was in Bond Street, and he had sent the violets to Paris two or three days before.

"Phil!"

As he turned and saw her, he thought how much better-looking she used to be; she was young still, no more than thirty, but she had longed for him on every day of the five years, and her tears had blotted some of the girlishness from her face. As he turned and saw her, the woman thought how his mouth had twitched when he said, "I'd come to you from the end of the world." It is among the unacknowledged truths that sentimentality may create as much ferment as enduring love, and he had suffered even more violently than she, though he hadn't suffered so long.

"What are you doing here in December—you're the last person I should have expected to see?" she said.

"I go South to-morrow."

"Lucky man!"

"And you?"

"We're living here now."

"Really? You've left Paris? How long?"

"We've been here since October; we're flat-hunting."

"Oh?"

They stood looking in each other's eyes, neither knowing what to say next. Her heart was thumping terribly, and she felt very happy and very frightened. More than once she had been tempted to write to him that her courage had broken down; all resistance seemed to have left her as she stood looking in his eyes again.

"Flats," she added in a voice of composure, "are so abominably dear in London."

"Where are you staying?"

"In apartments—Bayswater."

"Bayswater must be a change from Neuilly? It was a jolly little place you had in Neuilly!"

"It was rather jolly, wasn't it? My—my husband's people wished us to come over; they thought they might put him into something over here. Of course, in Paris it was cheap, but there were no prospects."

"I understand."

"There's some talk of a secretaryship if a Company is floated." It was so natural to be telling him everything now they had met. "It would be a very good thing for us."

"I hope it'll come off."

"Yes . . . . Well, how are you? I'm always seeing your name—'one of the novels of the year'!"

"They aren't so good as the novels that nobody read."

"Not quite. Why?"

"I'm turning out what's wanted now. One has to live."

"Yes . . . Still, isn't it a pity to—to——"

"Oh, one gets tired!" he said. "Ideals mak

(*Continued on page 672*)

The above story is the third of a Series of Worldly Stories, which will be published weekly until further notice

Our next week's story will be "The Reforming of Lady Wynchcombe," by W. E. Norris.

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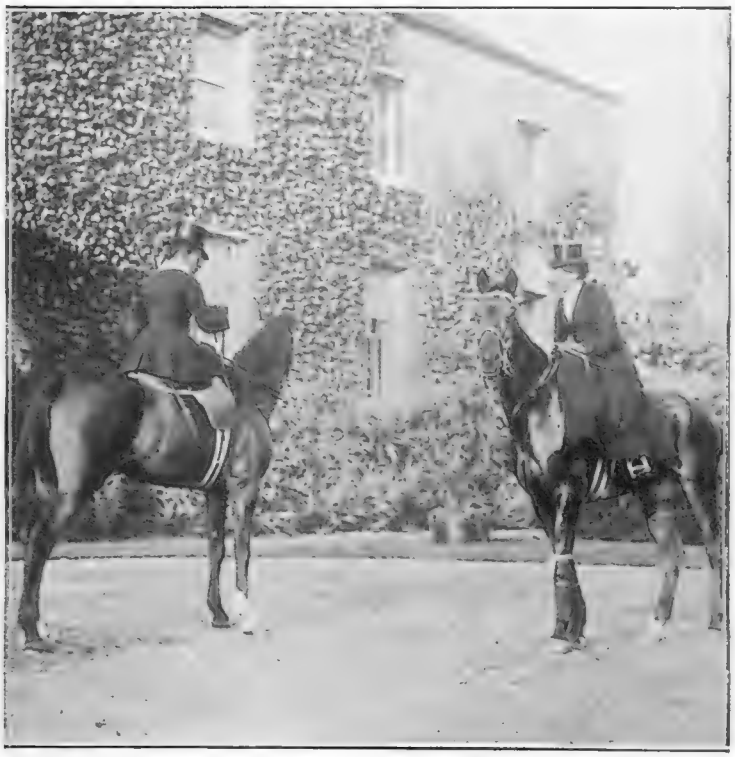
Illustrated Irish Hunts No. 3—A



Lady Bellew Mrs. Frank Joyce

Some Lady Followers of the Pack

Mr. Ffrench

Who was Acting-Master in the absence of Mr. Isaac Bell

The Meet at Windfield, the Residence of Mr.

Mr. J. D'Arcy Lady Eva Forbes

Co. Galway Hunting People

The Pack Moving Off fo

(Photographs taken by our Special Representative in Ireland. Next week Illustrations will appear of the Limerick Hunt.)

Day with the Galway "Blazers"

J. Hawtin
The Kennel Huntsman

Late-comers at the Meet

of Mr. Thornton, twelve miles from Athenry

Mrs. Thornton Mr. Ffrench, Acting-Master
Mr. Jameson

Well-known Members of the Hunt

for the First Draw

Our usual hunting article, under the title "Field, Stream, and Covert," will be found on page 679 and following pages.

(Continued from page 669)

lonely dwelling places. . . . Let me take you somewhere and give you some tea."

"I ought to go to some shops; I'm up West to work."

"'Work'? Spending money?"

"Earning it—I'm doing fashion articles."

"You? Do you mean it? Well, come and have some tea first."

It was very early, and there were vacant tables in the alcoves. As he sat opposite her, Orlebar thought what a fraud it was that the things one craved for only came to pass when one had grown resigned to do without them. How he had besought God for some such chance as this—what a spectacle he had made of himself about her during six unforgettable months! And now he was sipping his tea without emotion, and observing that her clothes compared unfavourably with the other women's in the room! In that moment Orlebar saw the humiliating truth — knew that he had lived his great love down and deceived himself for years. But he didn't want to see—he preferred to deceive himself now. It is often more congenial to be an ass than to acknowledge that you have been one.

"It's a long time since we had tea together, Lucy!"

"Yes," she said.

"Well, what have you got to tell me?"

"I think I told you everything in the street; at least ——. What have you been doing all the time?"

"Trying to kill it."

"You're working in London now, eh?"

"Yes, I've chambers in the Temple. Rather swagger compared with the little shanty in the Rue Ravignan! How did you come to take up journalism?"

"Someone suggested it—and my twaddle seemed to do. It's pretty sickening. I'm not on any of the smart papers—they wouldn't stand me."

"What's the idea—it doesn't pay very well, does it?"

"Not on my kind of paper; I get a guinea a week, but—— Oh, why should I bore you with all that?"

"You don't 'bore' me, Lucy."

"Well, I - I prefer to do it! You don't know everything. His people have never forgiven his marriage—they think marriage has handicapped him so badly—and, you may be sure, they blame me more than him. It's always the daughter-in-law's fault! We've only their allowance to live on—it isn't pleasant to be kept by people who resent your existence!"

"Poor little woman! No, I didn't know"

"Oh, it's not so bad as all that! Still, I'm glad to be making something, even if it's only a guinea a week. I don't feel so uncomfortable when I meet them, not such a dead weight. We have to go there to dinner on Sundays, and its rather awful—they tell me what a splendid career he would have had if he hadn't married!"

"Brutes!" said Orlebar.

"Every Sunday afternoon—from the soup to the coffee! Well"—she leant her elbows on the table, and smiled—"have I changed much?"

"No," he said, bravely. "But—but this is brutal hard lines—I didn't dream that you had things like that to put up with! You always seemed so light-hearted in Paris"

"I didn't meet his people in Paris! Besides, things alter in five years; I think—— Oh!" she broke off, "it's ridiculous to talk about it to you. I don't know why I'm doing it!"

"Have you anybody else to talk to?"

"No," she admitted, slowly, "that's it! I can't talk to *him* because——well, they're his own people, for one thing; and, besides——well, of course, marriage *has* handicapped him, and I suppose he knows it as well as they do."

"Do you mean——? . . . You don't get on now?"

She gave a shrug, and traced lines on the cloth with her spoon; "what do you suppose I mean?"

"I am *so* sorry for you, dear!"

"Oh, I daresay it's my fault! I suppose I don't do all I ought to make up for what I've cost him; it's difficult to do all you ought when——when——" her voice snapped—"when you sometimes wish to God that you hadn't done so much!"

"Perhaps you'd have done better to have come to me, after all," said Orlebar heavily; he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I tried to be a good woman—I thought you'd forget me; *I* wanted to forget *you!* Why didn't you let me forget you? Why did you send me those flowers every year?"

"Were you vexed with me for sending them?"

"You know I wasn't vexed."

"I'm glad. I sent some to Paris the other day."

"Did you? I wondered if you would; I've been rather impatient for my birthdays. What a confession—a woman impatient for her birthdays! I never meant to see you any more, though; I swore I wouldn't!"

"But you wanted to, didn't you?"

Her cup was neglected now; she leant back in the chair, her hands clenched in her lap.

"Didn't you?" he repeated.

"Oh, don't!" she said in her throat. "I can't bear it, Phil!"

"What?"

"The life—everything! I'm tired of it all."

"Chuck it!" he muttered; "come away with me to-morrow!"

She didn't speak; she tried to believe that she was struggling. The pause seemed to Orlebar to last a long time, while he sat wishing that he hadn't said it. The waitress inquired if they required anything else, and put the check on the table, and took her tip. The place was filling, and a ladies' orchestra began to twang their mandolines.

"Do you want me?" she asked, raising her eyes.

"Do I 'want' you!" What else could he reply?

"Very well, then." She nodded. "I'll go! . . . Let's get out of this—do you mind?—my head aches."

He knew dismally that her consent had come too late, that there would be nothing now to compensate him for the scandal—no months, or weeks, or even an hour of rapture. They got up, and he put the half-crown on the desk, and followed her into the street.

After they had strolled a few yards in silence, he

(Continued on page 674)

Christmas Sport

"SMALL BAGS"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE

(Continued from page 672)

said, as it seemed obligatory, "You've made me very happy!".

She answered, "I'll try to!" He wished that she had said anything else—it was painful.

"We'd better have a cab. Where shall we go? Will you come to the Temple?"

"I think I'd like to go home; you can drive there with me."

"Can you get away in the morning—or shall I put it off?" he asked in the hansom.

"No, I can get away—he won't be back till the evening."

"Back from where?"

"He went down to his people to-day—they're in Brighton now. What time's the train?"

"Ten o'clock—from Charing Cross; I was going by Folkestone and Boulogne. Are you a bad sailor?"

"No, I like it. We'll meet at Charing Cross, then?"

"Yes; in the first-class waiting-room—if you're sure it's not too early for you."

"It's all right. . . Is it real, Phil? Half an hour ago we hadn't seen each other; and now—it's to be all our lives! Oh, I hope you'll never be sorry! I wonder?"

"That's unjust."

"Is it?" Her eyes reminded him that he ought to kiss her, and he bent his head. . . He pitied her acutely as he felt her tears on his face—hated himself for lying to her.

"Cheer up, dearest! Remember how we care for each other," he said.

The effort of affecting joy wore him out as they drove on; intensely he wished that they had found a quicker cab; he wanted a drink badly, wanted to light a pipe and give way to his gloom. Her hand that he clasped seemed to him to grow larger and heavier through the long drive; and when at last they parted at her door, he thanked heaven for the right to heave a sigh, for the freedom to look as moody as he felt.

Five years ago! If it had only happened five—four years ago! The pathos of the situation took him by the throat. What a rotten thing life was! Again his mind reverted to the months when he had been torn with longing for her—the longing just to watch her, to listen to her, no matter what she said. And now he had kissed her for the first time—as a duty! That abandonment of despair had played havoc with him, yet he wished that it had lasted—it would have been worth while, he thought. God! the ecstasy that would have been thrilling in him now if he had suffered like that until this afternoon!

At the club he ordered a big whisky and a small soda.

"You're off to Rome soon, aren't you?" said a man in the smoking-room. "You novelists have all the luck!"

"Yes," said Orlebar. The man was the editor of a daily paper; it occurred to the novelist that he was about to provide the paper with some surprising "copy," also that the editorial greeting would be less informal when they met again.

What a deuce of a lot of talk there would be! the damage it was going to do him socially! Socially? It would injure him financially, too; he recognised it for the first time as he surveyed the smoking-room. There was McKinnell, of the *Mayfair*, ragging a waiter because the toast was cold; Orlebar's new novel was to run through the *Mayfair* before it came out in book form. If he knew anything of McKinnell, that highly respectable gentleman would refuse to pollute the pages of his journal with the fiction of a co-respondent. And McKinnell's refusal wouldn't be singular, though he might express it with singular offensiveness. Even among good fellows, it would be, "Sorry, but we daren't run you just now in a paper for household reading—we should get no end of protests. Awful rot, of course, but there it is!" Five hundred pounds gone! Five hundred pounds was a large sum. He was no millionaire.

And his books? The sale of his next books would drop in this virtuous country when he had outraged the Eleventh Commandment. If she had been "Lady" somebody the public would have called the case "romantic"—it would have been a big advertisement then—but without the glamour of a title they would only call it "disgraceful." For one reader gained by the scandal, half a dozen would be lost. What a calamity, his turning into Bond Street this afternoon!

And how she had jumped at him, he thought with sudden resentment; she hadn't needed much persuasion. How idiotic he had been to exalt her into a heroine at the beginning. Since it had been fated that he was to ruin himself, he might at any rate have done it while he was in love with her! And he hadn't even the excuse of youth now; he was making a mess of his life when he was old enough to know better, when he did know better—he was ruining himself against his will! He had another whisky-and-soda, and wondered if there was any chance of his hearing that she had changed her mind. Confound it, she didn't know his address! And anyhow there would be no chance. What was she giving up? A husband who didn't want her. If she had had a child, it would have been a different thing. Why hadn't she a family? "A husband who didn't want her." And he, Philip Orlebar, was going to take her off his hands! Oh, what a mug's game! If he hadn't gone in to have his hat ironed, he wouldn't have met her. And it hadn't really needed ironing either!

He did not remain long in the club when dinner was over. After all, he had mentioned that his rooms were in the Temple, and the hope that she might try to communicate with him lingered in spite of common-sense. When the gate opened he looked towards the porter eagerly, but the porter said nothing, and the shock of disappointment told Orlebar how strong the hope had been.

His portmanteaux were half packed, and he spent the evening straining to catch the sound of the bell. Once it rang, but the visitor was only a bore who had dropped in for a drink and a chat. Orlebar loathed his beaming face as he gave him welcome, and, like the editor, the bore made envious reference to the morrow's journey; he "wished he were in the author's shoes!" Orlebar was at infinite pains to affect high spirits, for it was undesirable that the man should say afterwards, "I was with him the night before he

(Continued on page 676)

Santa Claus

A DRAMA IN TWO SCENES

TOMMY AND JACKIE, AND DOLLY AND GERTIE (*who have each made a list of their requirements and hung it up with their stockings*): "Santa Claus can't possibly make any mistake now"

But poor Santa Claus, after all, got mixed, and put the wrong toys in the wrong room, to the dire consternation of Tommy and Jackie and the mingled horror and delight of Dolly and Gertie

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

(*Continued from page 674*)

bolted with her—the poor beggar seemed to have an awful hump." But presently the man said, "You seem a cup low to-night, old chap?" The melancholy stroke of the Temple clock had never sounded so lugubrious as in the hours that followed.

When he woke in the morning, Orlebar remembered that there ought to be a half-bottle of Pommery in the bathroom, and he had it in lieu of tea, with some biscuits. The wine lightened his mood a little; it no longer seemed so hopelessly impossible to conceal his regret; and when he strode into the station, it was with a very fair show of impatience. But his heart leapt as he saw that she wasn't there. He sat on a couch, glancing alternately at the clock and the doors, and praying that she wouldn't come.

She entered just as he was feeling sanguine.

"My darling!" he murmured, "here you are!"

"Am I late?"

"I was beginning to be afraid. But there's time enough—I've got the tickets Where's your luggage?"

"They've taken it through."

"We'd better go, then"

Among the bustle on the platform he could say little more than, "How pale you are!" and "Which are your trunks?" Then they were alone, and the door had been slammed, and the train moved out.

"Darling!" he said again. 'Well?"

"Well?"

"It seems too good to be true." His tone was lifeless.

"Does it?"

"Doesn't it to you?"

"I think it's true," she said, with a tired smile.

"How pale you are!" he repeated. "Didn't you sleep?'

"Not much. I've been wondering."

"Wondering? What?"

"Whether I ought to have said 'no.' What would you have done if I'd said 'no,' Phil? Really?"

"What *can* a man do? I suppose I should have had to put up with it."

She didn't reply for a moment. She was gazing straight before her, with a frown.

"Do you think me a bad woman, Phil?"

"I think you're the best woman I've ever known."

"It looks like it, doesn't it!"

"The force of circumstances! If you had met me before you met him——"

"But I didn't. It's pretty mean of me to spoil his life, isn't it?"

"I didn't know that he cared so much about you?"

"Oh"—she hesitated—"we've quarrelled, like everybody else, but—but he's very fond of me. Of course, it'll be an awful blow. I can't forget it—I've been thinking of it ever since."

"It just depends . . . the thing you've got to consider is which way you'll be happier yourself. If—I don't know! I suppose there are women who *can't* go wrong and be happy!"

"I'm thinking of my duty," she faltered. "You know I love you, don't you? I want you to know it, to keep remembering it all the time I love you, I love you, I love you! But——" She waited with her heart in her throat.

"But what?" he asked, moodily. "What were you going to say?"

Her eyes closed with the pain.

"Eh?" he said.

"There are his people," she stammered; "they'll feel the disgrace so much. I've been considering everything—I—I didn't know what a wrench it would be."

"You'll get over it."

"I'm not sure! Perhaps I shall always——? Do you think I've . . . made a mistake?" Again she waited breathlessly. If he would only seize her in his arms! If he would only cry, "Let them all go to the devil, and remember *me!*"

"If you feel like that," he said feebly, "of course I hardly—I hardly know what I can say to you."

"You can't *think* of anything to say?" she pleaded. "There's nothing—nothing I'm overlooking?"

"There's time; one gets over anything in time," he said incautiously.

"Oh, my God, I was mad!" she moaned.

She turned to the window, her face as white as a dead woman's. The terror was confirmed that had stolen on her in the cab, that had haunted her throughout the night, confirmed by his tones, his looks, by every answer he had made to her halting falsehoods—he had learnt to do without her, she had given herself unsought! In the agony of shame that overwhelmed her she could have thrown herself from the compartment; and, mark this! it was only her love for him that restrained her—she would not reproach him by deed, or word, he shouldn't be burdened by the knowledge of what he had made her suffer.

"Well," he said, "it's not too late."

"No," she muttered, "I can't go!"

His pulses jumped; for an instant he couldn't trust his voice.

"You must do as you like, I don't want to take you against your will. . . . If you wish it, you can go back from Folkestone; I suppose—if he's away—there'd be no harm done, would there?"

"You're not angry with me? You won't mind too much?"

"Don't worry about *me*—I want *you* to be happy. To tell you the truth, I think you're right—you're not the woman to kick over the traces, you'd be too cut up about it. Go back and make the best of a bad business—it'll be easier for you to bear than the other, anyhow! We'll see about a train for you as soon as we get in."

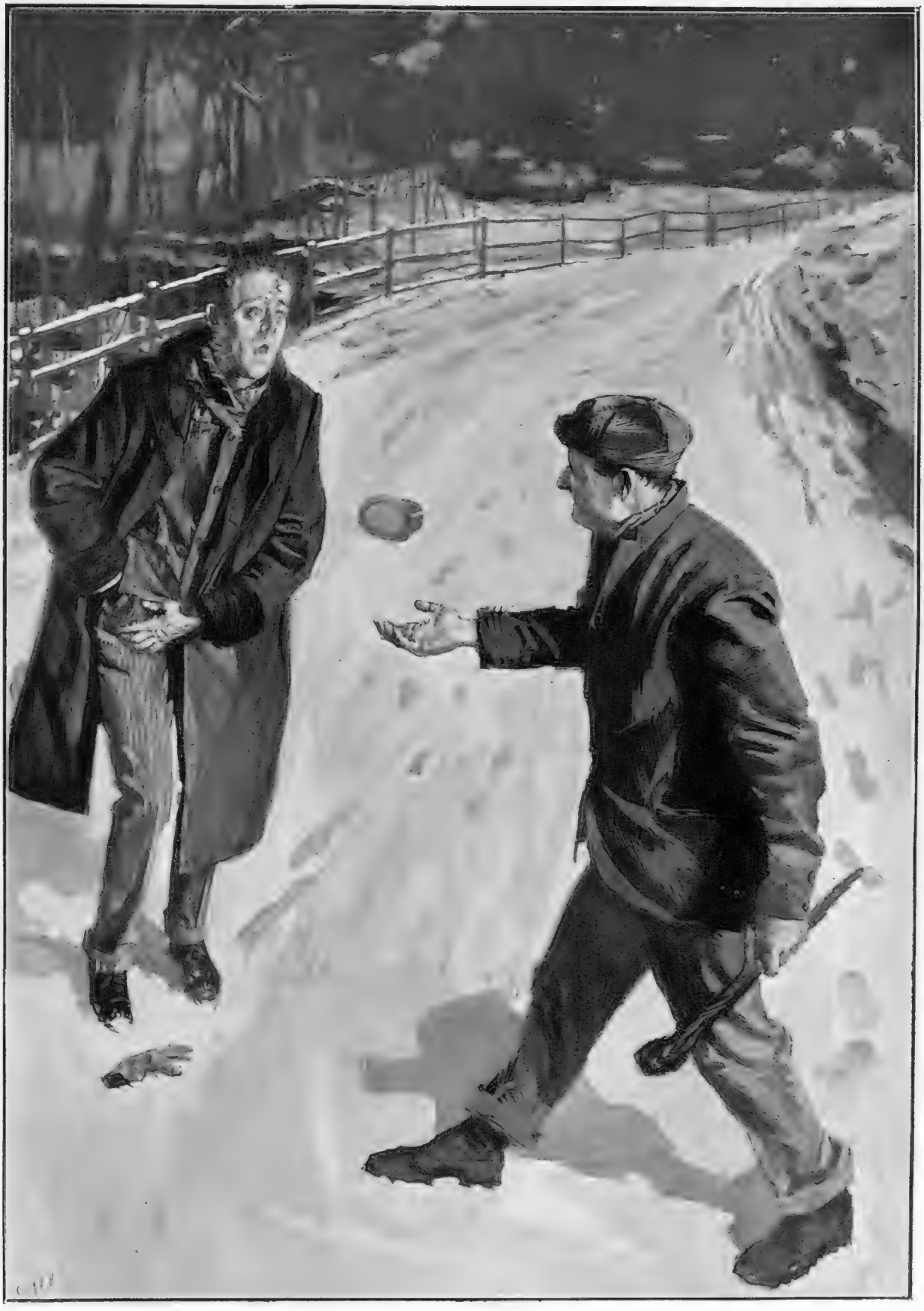
At Folkestone Harbour they ascertained that there would be an express to Charing Cross at two o'clock, and he paced the platform with her till it was time to say "good-bye." Exhilaration had given him an appetite, but she answered that she wasn't hungry; so, as he had missed his boat, he decided to drive to an hotel on the Leas and have an elaborate luncheon when she had gone. His glances at the playbills on the walls showed him that *San Toy* was at the Pleasure Gardens, and he foresaw himself cheerfully among the audience in the evening. He was feeling on a sudden twenty years younger, and, hard as he strove to acquire a manner of tender gravity, she discerned the improvement in his spirits every time he spoke.

Her train arrived in town at a few minutes to four, and she re-entered the lodging-house some hours earlier than her husband. But the fire had gone out, and she had to wait shivering till it was lighted before she could burn the note that she had left on the mantelpiece for him. A little box addressed to her had been delivered during her absence. When the slatternly servant left her alone at last, the woman dared to touch it—and fell to sobbing as if her heart would burst. It contained the violets that Orlebar had sent her in token of his love.

The box had been redirected from Paris. Owing to the delay, the violets, now that they reached her, were quite dead.

LEONARD MERRICK.

A New Year's Custom

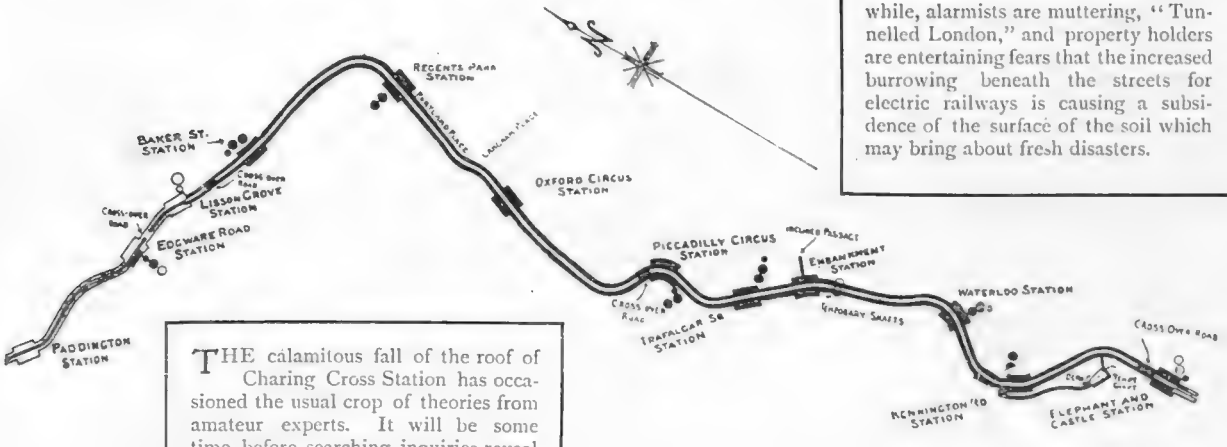


"'ERE, MISTER, TURN YER MONEY OVER, AND GOOD LUCK TO YE"

DRAWN BY C. H. TAYLOR

Tunnelled London: The Latest Tube Railway

THE calamitous fall of the roof of Charing Cross Station has occasioned the usual crop of theories from amateur experts. It will be some time before searching inquiries reveal the true cause of the disaster. Meanwhile, alarmists are muttering, "Tunnelled London," and property holders are entertaining fears that the increased burrowing beneath the streets for electric railways is causing a subsidence of the surface of the soil which may bring about fresh disasters.



Photos by *Topical Agency*

By Field, Stream, and Covert

The Meynell

As is only befitting a Hunt whose list of subscribers comprises some of the richest men in the country, everything is done on a first-class scale with the Meynell Hounds. Even in Leicestershire there is not a better-mounted field, and with such followers over a flying grass country, the Master and the hunt servants naturally have to be on the best of "cattle." And Mr. Gerald Hardy certainly mounts his men most adequately, and does well by the hunt in every way. For eight seasons Mr. Hardy hunted the Atherstone Hounds, bringing that pack to a high state of excellence in that time. Two years ago the Meynell country became vacant, and the members were glad to obtain the services of their present M.F.H., who is really a Meynell man bred and born, and a large landed proprietor in the district.

In the North Warwickshire Country

The good work that a new broom does is proverbial, and we are reminded of the saying by the present situation in the North Warwickshire country, where excellent sport has been enjoyed so far this season. The new broom in this instance is the huntsman, James Cockayne, whose rapid grasp of the requirements of a strange country is being most favourably commented on. Cockayne is a typical specimen of the professional huntsman, hard-bitten, a bold rider, and clever in the management of his hounds. His success in North Warwickshire seems likely to be lasting, and is only what was expected by those who hunted with him in the Old Surrey and Puckeridge countries. Cockayne has the advantage of working under a Master who is at once a fine horseman, splendidly mounted, and immensely popular

Photo by *Mrs. Hugh Charrington*

The Meynell Hounds

This photograph is interesting from the fact that the three hunt servants are all mounted on well-known white horses

with the farmers and all followers of the pack. He is always up with his hounds, and able to keep a hard-riding field in good order, and this assistance alone is simply invaluable to a huntsman in an important country. The North Warwickshire country comes within the charmed hunting circle known as the Shires, but it is less fashionably patronised than some of its neighbours. This, of course, does not affect the quality of the sport shown by the hounds, and though the fields at the North Warwickshire meets may not be quite so brilliant as those with the Warwickshire and Pytchley, they are generally very large, especially at those fixtures most convenient for Leamington.

The Original of Handley Cross

It is said that Leamington was the town which Surtees had in his mind when writing that wonderful hunting novel which has Handley Cross for its centre. The incident of the finding of the mineral springs by Roger Swizzle certainly is suggestive of the early days of Leamington Spa, which grew rapidly from very small beginnings early in the nineteenth century. At the time when Mr. John Corbet undertook to hunt the whole of Warwickshire — in the year 1791 - Leamington is described as being quite a small and obscure village. It is certain that since those early days the district has always been famed for its excellent fox-hunting, and the reputation which was won a century ago does not suffer nowadays under the leaderships of Lord Willoughby de Broke and Mr. J. P. Arkwright. Among past Masters of the North Warwickshire, Mr. T. Ashton is entitled to the greatest praise for bringing the hounds to their present splendid quality. He held office from 1888 to 1894, and during that period devoted himself so whole-heartedly to the task of breeding one of the finest packs in the kingdom, that when he offered the hounds to the Hunt on his retirement, £2,500 was the price fixed by the arbitrator, the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, and the Hunt bought them for that amount. One fault has been found with the followers of the North Warwickshire, this being a certain indifference as to costume in the field. The wearing of scarlet should in every Hunt be regarded by members and subscribers as a mark of respect to the Master, and it is, moreover, an incontrovertible fact that the farmers are far better pleased to see red-coated followers over their land than a mass of riders in "rat-catcher" get-up.

Mr. J. P. Arkwright
Master of the North Warwickshire

His Majesty at Crichel

Crichel, the delightful Dorsetshire home of the Sturts, which was recently honoured by a visit by the King, has always been famous as a sporting estate. It abounds in game, and it is pleasant, therefore, to find the foxhounds welcomed there. In the old days the coverts were well-stocked with foxes, and doubtless the present Lord Alington, who succeeded to the title and estates less than two years ago, will not neglect the interests of his fox-hunting friends. The King was a keen follower of hounds at one time, and the annals of the Grafton, Pytchley, and other Hunts, record his presence in the field on a number of occasions. His Majesty does not now ride to hounds, but he appreciates the picturesque spectacle of a lawn meet on a fine winter morning. And the meet of Lord Portman's Hounds will have been particularly interesting to him, their M.F.H. being the *doyen* of Master of Foxhounds. While at Crichel the King looked over the famous White Farm, which is of never-failing interest. The late Lord Alington gathered its white stock from all parts of the world. The Sultan of Turkey sent the mule and the peacocks, and every animal at the farm is white—deer, horses, cows, dogs, turkeys, geese, rabbits, pigeons, and mice, even the pet thrush being an albino.

With the "Blazers"

Our special photographer's tour among the Irish countries has brought him this week to the Co. Galway, one of the most famous and oldest of Irish hunts. Its praises have been sung by native writers galore, and one well-remembered couplet runs thus :—

> If yez want for grand sport, faith ye'd better resort
> To neglected, but grand-goin' Galway.

And that the pleasures of Galway hunting are neglected is probably as true to day as when those lines were written, English sportsmen who cross the St. George's Channel for the Irish hunting seldom getting so far west as Co. Galway. For much

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

Photo by *Putta, Wimborne*

The King at Crichel: Meet of Viscount Portman's Hounds

His Majesty, during the pause in the recent political crisis, prior to the reception of the new Cabinet, was the guest of Lord and Lady Alington at Crichel. Our photograph shows his Majesty on the terrace, chatting with a lady during the meet of the above hounds

longer than the oldest Irish hunting-man can remember, the Co. Galway Hounds have been known as the "Blazers." How the name originated is often the subject of discussion, but it is generally allowed that it was first used during the Masters'ip of Mr. Robert Parsons Persse. One story is that, at a Hunt dinner, it was proposed by Mr. Persse, and seconded by Mr. Robert French, of Rahasane, that the hounds should be called the "Blazers," out of compliment to Robert D'Arcy, of Woodville, and James Burke, of St. Clerans, both of whom had red hair, and were themselves known as the "Blazers." Another story of the title seems rather far-fetched, but I quote the tale for what it is worth. It appears that when this same Mr. Persse was Master, the Hunt used to go once a year to Birr, where they were met by members of the old Ormond Hunt, and when the two Hunts dined together after the day's hunting, some high jollifications usually ensued. It is averred that on one of these festive occasions the house in which the "wild Irishmen" were dining, belonging to a certain Mr. Dooley, was set light to and burned to the ground. If this tale be true, they would seem to have had a warm time in those days, in more senses than one.

The Galway Country and its M.F.H.

The district covered by the "Blazers" is practically all pasture, one half being a wall country, while in the other half banks are encountered. It has been complained that it is a monotonous country to ride over, yet the going is undeniably perfect, and the foxes wonderfully stout. Moreover, great improvements have been made by the present Master, Mr. Isaac Bell, and his predecessor, Mr. Fred Poyser, both in the matter of coverts and in the quality of the hounds. The pack is now a splendid one of forty-five couples, and they can show you rare sport over the crisp green turf and the grey stone walls. The present Master of the pack, Mr. I. Bell, is an American sportsman, and for enthusiasm and keenness cannot be beaten by the native article. Before going to Ireland, Mr. Bell hunted from Melton Mowbray, and in the good school of the Shires learnt things which have proved invaluable to him during many a run with the "Blazers." On the day when our illustrations were secured, Mr. Bell happened to be away from the pack, and Mr Ffrench, an old supporter of the pack, was acting Master.

The Fair at High Street, Navan, Ireland: Closing a deal

Irish Scenes: Buying Christmas Stock at Navan Fair

Forthcoming Hunt Dances

January is the most popular month for Hunt dances, and the next few weeks will be gay with these festivities. In the Midlands, the United Counties' Hunt Ball will take place in the Assembly Rooms, Market Harborough, on the 18th, and on the preceding evening the Rugby Hunt Ball will be brought off at the Town Hall. On Tuesday next, the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Ball will be held at Horsham, and Lord Middleton's Hunt Ball at the Assembly Rooms, Malton. Two days later the members of the Southdown Hunt have their dance at the Town Hall, Lewes. January 9 is the date of the Craven Hunt Ball at the Town Hall, Newbury, and also of the Fitzwilliam Hunt Ball at the Fitzwilliam Assembly Rooms, Peterborough. The Ledbury Hunt hold their annual dance on the 11th, the Eridge Hunt on the 16th, the Badsworth on the 17th, the Bedale on the 18th, the Cotswold on the 19th, and the Bicester on the 31st.

A. W. C.

A Bookman's Gossip

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Purloined Prince." By Reginald Hodder and Edgar Turner. (Caxton Press: 6*s.*)

"Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." By Charles Major. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Jules of the Great Heart." By Lawrence Mott. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Let Youth but Know." By "Kappa." (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Novels of Royalty

They call this a democratic age, and in a sense—the most important sense—it is so. The nation would not stand for a moment to-day things which it bore quite cheerfully, so short a time as a century ago, from Distinguished Personages and People of Quality. But in the sense in which the word was employed by those who invented it, the great Revolutionaries, the sense of hating everything with a touch of the royal or the aristocratic about it, we have probably never been less democratic than we are to-day: and that infallible index of the state of the public mind, the output of novels, has been showing this for years. Since that great story "The Prisoner of Zenda" founded a school, the professional bookman's table has seldom been without at least one new novel of the royal life. A prince is as usual now in a story meant for popularity as he is in a fairy tale. That much-boomed extravaganza "The Secret Kingdom," in which Mr. Frank Richardson is by way of satirizing several leading motives in the fiction of to-day, has a prince and a German sub-State among its properties. So serious a writer as Gertrude Atherton published a novel in 1904 which was (in the language of her country) "the limit," as regards harping on the royal life.

Mr. William Sharp, the real "Fiona Macleod"

The well-known poet, writer, and critic, who died recently in Sicily. His wife supplied the revelation that he is the author of the well-known poems signed "Fiona Macleod"

The Latest Specimen

And here is "The Purloined Prince" (Caxton Press: 6*s.*), just come to my hands, in which Mr. Reginald Hodder and Mr. Edgar Turner attack once more the inexhaustible subject of the potentate conspired against, and in the end restored to his sorrowing subjects; albeit the tale is decidedly on the lively side, and the prince's dominions bear a strong resemblance to those of His Highness of Monaco. Why this rage for the novel of royalty?

To begin with, there is a natural taste in the soul of man for ceremonial and pomp, and he—not forgetting she—loves to read of the observances and solemnities that surround the kingly personage. "Oh, but it'll be courtly!" wrote Stevenson when he was planning "Prince Otto," in sheer delight at the dignity and brilliancy of the manners he was going to describe. But I think the main attraction of the courtly life is its fancied independence of the sordid little considerations that make up the life of ninety-nine novel-readers in a hundred. All very popular stories have the quality of taking the ratepayer and his woman-kind into a state of society where rates are never mentioned, where bills are not, where there is no obligation to catch the 8.45 to town or to speak seriously to the butcher. Hence the ubiquity of the millionaire in our fiction; and of the millionaire plus pomp and pageantry, the prince. Hence, too, the healthy and immortal interest in the romances of old days, like Mr. Charles Major's "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy" (Macmillan: 6*s.*), a vital story of the times of the crafty Louis and the headstrong Charles that Scott's Quentin Durward had to do with. Hence the demand for such novels of adventurous action as Mr. Lawrence Mott's "Jules of the Great Heart" (Heinemann: 6*s.*) with its stirring pictures of French-Canadian pioneer life in the Hudson Bay lands in the early days. All these and many other types of modern fiction are, primarily, for the world-weary, who have enough of realities in their daily grind.

Our Little Stories

But is there not a possibility of favour with the great multitude for the story of life as it is? Is the really strong story, with all its great success among the literary class of readers, a ways to appeal in vain to the taste of the vast reading public which is not literar-, and honestly admits it?

The editor of this journal is making what seems to me a very interesting experiment in this connection. The "worldly" short stories which are now being published in these pages have certain qualities which will, if anything can, induce the General Reader to accept literature which fulfils the high function of the criticism of actual life. (1) They

are short: the "realistic" novel at its best is too long for the kind of person I am thinking of. (2) The "situation" in each case is a real difficulty of life as it is, not a far-fetched complication of the lives of abnormal and unhealthy people. The "problem," when there is one, is not treated with the desire to communicate the thrill of the unpleasant and the morbid—an accusation to which I cannot help thinking that a book now being talked about, Mr. Filson Young's "Sands of Pleasure," with its keen analysis of a certain side of Parisian life, lays itself open, clever as it is. (3) They are the work of artists. Only the artist can discover for the world the eternal freshness of interest in the life of which, in its superficial aspects, we have grown tired.

The Story of Actualities

Told by anyone but an artist the story of actualities is intolerable. And in this special form of art, who is more expert than Mr. Maartens, Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. W. E. Norris, and the other contributors whose work is promised?

From that interesting band I take leave to select two whose work seems to me supremely interesting: Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Barry Pain, whose best books show them to have seen life, each with his distinct and striking temperament, as it can only be seen by the most intensely modern of minds. Inquisitive, sceptical, humorous, a little sad, but sweet-tempered, such writers are as the spiritual antennæ of our civilisation, always feeling delicately and sensitively forward. Mr. Barry Pain is seldom serious. He has, no doubt, his reasons for that, and they are none of my business. But when he is serious, he is a remarkable writer. Mr. Bennett I look upon as the most fearless and keen sighted and humane of the newer writers of fiction.

An Arousing Book

Speaking of modern developments, surely the book called "Let Youth But Know" (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), given us under the pseudonym of "Kappa," will take a place among the few that really effect much. In it are crystallised, in the medium of an admirable style, all the thoughts of protest against the prevailing system of education which have been growing in the minds of rational men of late years. "Kappa" is no half hearted reformer; yet how little he deserves the name of "crank" may be judged from the fact that his chapters originally appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. Every man who has a child to introduce to life ought to try and make time to master this book. It will be the easier, because many of the ideas in it have already passed through his mind—only he hesitated to think that the teaching profession was ignorant of its own business. He will disagree with much of it; but any man who has more or less succeeded in getting over the effects of his own childhood training will find it an arousing book.

ECB

The Real "Fiona Macleod"

A latter-day literary mystery—not, perhaps, one of the most interesting—has been suddenly solved in the revelation that "Fiona Macleod," the supposed Scottish poetess, was a pseudonym of the late Mr. William Sharp, who died in Sicily on the 12th inst. "Fiona Macleod's" verse has appeared in a number of magazines of late years, and its sad, strange beauty, pathos, and peculiarly feminine flavour, led one to suppose that here was some woman of exceptional talent. That the poems are, after all, the work of a man is explained by Mr. Sharp's literary friends by the theory that he had two sides to his nature—the one the temperament and talent of a male *littérateur* and critic, the other an "interest in the drama of the woman's soul," and "infinite sense of the woman's spirit and experience," which latter he expressed under a woman's pseudonym rather than under his own name. That name, however, holds no mean place in the roll-call of modern letters, for William Sharp's editing of the "Canterbury Poets," his preface to the "Sonnets of the Century," "Life of Browning" in the "Great Writers" Series, and other prefaces and anthologies, written, chiefly, in connection with the Walter Scott Publishing Company, are very highly esteemed as examples of a strong critical style, and real literary instinct.

The Good Old Annual.

One does not associate Debrett with modern "hustle," but our dear old friend, this year, has shown an almost halfpenny haste in rushing out, at the last moment, with a full list of the new Cabinet, which we found ready to hand almost as soon as the last names were out of C.-B.'s mouth. When Debrett begins to move with the times, who can say but that the peerage itself may not follow suit, and begin to legislate. "Who's Who" for 1906, which reaches us at the same time, is looking as ruddy as ever, and a little stouter than last year. If it continues to grow at this rate, the number of celebrities will be so large that we are meditating on the chances of a small, slim volume, entitled, "Who Isn't Who," to contain the lengthy biographies of ourselves and our fellow-nonentities, recounting our successive failures, our bad habits, dismissals, a list of the clubs from which we have been blackballed, and other useful information for the benefit of our detractors. "Who's Who" this year includes among its clients Kuroki and Togo. Mr. Ranger-Gull is there, admitting to be Guy Thorne, and Mr. Bernard Shaw has added to his list of triumphs the telegraphic address of "Socialist, London." So, at last, we know how to get at him briefly and economically when so disposed.

Diaries

At last we are offered a diary which meets the requirements of the unmethodical man. The "Arboreter" Loose-leaf Diary, issued by Messrs. John Walker and Co., Ltd., of Farringdon House, Warwick Lane, E.C., contains "no arbitrary division of the year." It may be commenced at any date; past dates may be removed or retained at will, and fresh dates added as required; sections of two years' diaries (say November and December, 1905, and January and February, 1905) may be going at the same time without carrying two books, etc., etc., from which it will be seen that the "Loose-leaf Diary" is the very thing for all of us. It can be obtained at prices ranging, according to binding, from 3*s.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* Messrs. Walker, of course, issue every other kind of diary desired by the human race, and a large assortment of calendars.

Photo by *C. Chasseau-Flaviens, Paris*

Baroness von Suttner, Nobel prizewinner for literature

The author of "Die Waffen Nieder," a vivid story of war and its horrors, which is said to have moved the Tsar to issue his famous—and futile—Peace Rescript, has been awarded the Nobel prize for literary work in the cause of peace

The Nobel Prizewoman

Those who see anything of the movement of literature on the Continent may have wondered when the Baroness von Suttner was to receive the Nobel prize for great literary work done in the cause of peace. The writer whose book is said, on very good authority indeed, to have inspired the Czar's famous, if not too successful, Peace Rescript, may be called the virtual founder of the Hague Tribunal, and the opener of a new era in the history of international arbitration. "Die Waffen Nieder" has been translated into all the civilised tongues. Its pictures of the hideous sufferings of the sick and wounded are from life itself. What the Baroness saw in the six weeks' campaign of Sadowa forty years ago has gone home to millions of readers in every quarter of the world. We congratulate her on the winning of the honour long deferred.

Alms dish of copper, with Cowper-Coles inlay

The Connoisseur

SILVER AND SOME METAL DECORATION

Brass bowl, with Cowper-Coles inlay

Among the minor Shows of the winter season, two of is a skilfully thought-out piece of work.

by no means the least interesting are devoted to the exhibitions of new work in metals, silver, and enamels.

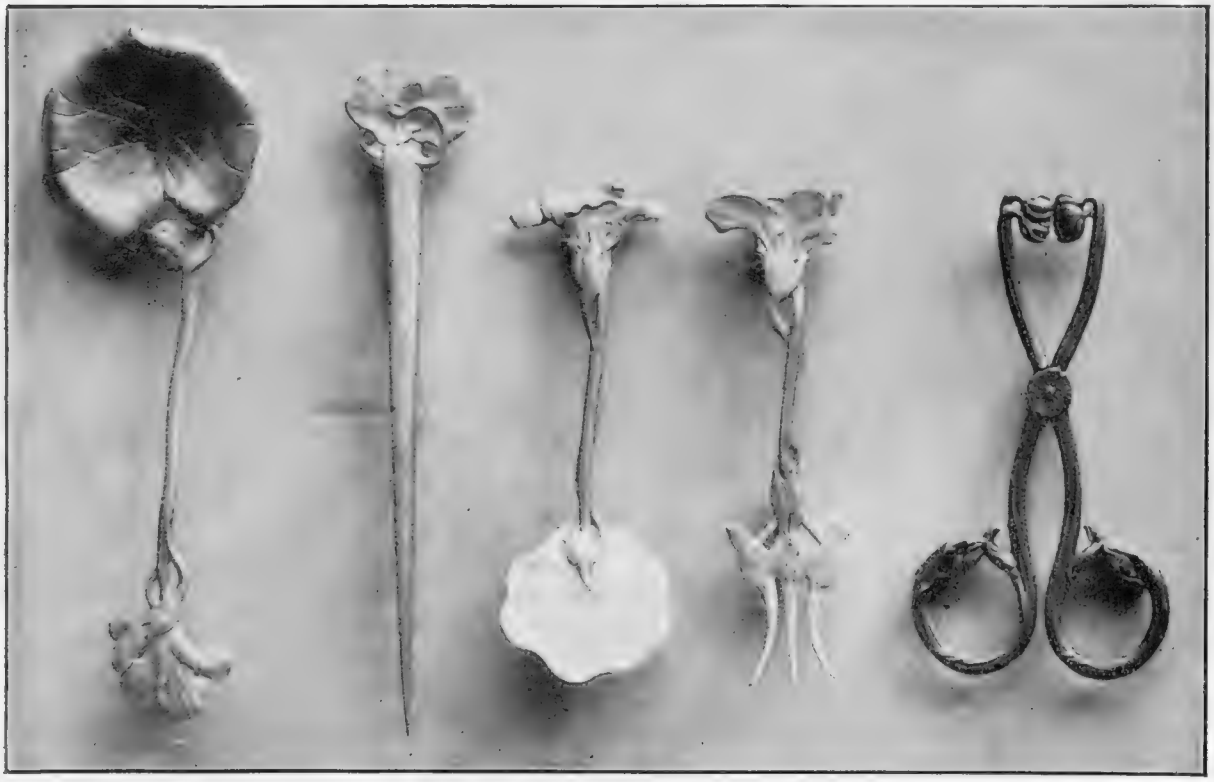
It is curious and not very satisfactory to note the rather violent hold that the curly principle of the already *demondé* "new art" has taken upon the more conscientious workers in fine metals. At Leicester Square Galleries, where many examples of Prince Karageorgevitch's skill are now being exhibited, this tendency shows itself. But, at the same time, the artist's careful study of the form of plants, and flowers, and his wise use of correct and severe arrangement and proportion add to his work a grace and charm that is individual and sustained. His adaptation of the nasturtium — stem, leaf, and flower — to the various parts of, say, a spoon or fork, as shown in the illustration,

Some Cowper-Coles inlay metal work

A New Metal Decoration

At Grosvenor Mansions, Victoria Street, is being shown the result of many labours of Mr. Sherard Cowper-Coles, the inventor of a new and efficacious scheme of metal decoration by means of an inlay of a second metal. The principle can be applied to an enormous variety of ecclesiastical, utilitarian, and artistic objects, and at a price that makes for popularity. The various pieces of work now being exhibited, of which we give a few photographs, are of excellent design, and the method of applying zinc to brass and copper produces colour effects that are at once highly decorative and simply attained. The idea appears capable of large developments, and as an aid to artistic metal work may be of much future value.

E. M.



Some examples of work designed in silver by Prince Karageorgevitch

Golf Notes and Notions

A REVIEW OF GOLF IN 1905

The Amateurs in 1905

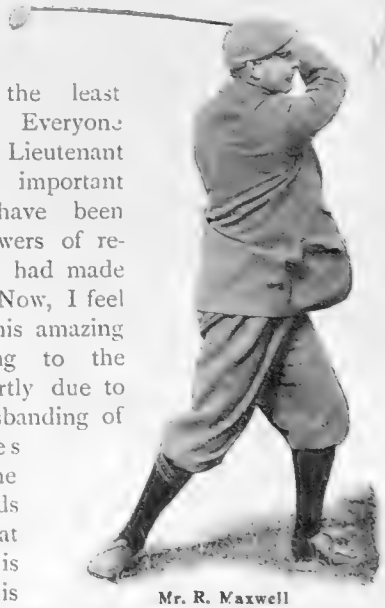
We have done our driving, played our seconds and approaches, and are now on the point of negotiating our last putts. This is merely a golfing way of saying that the season of 1905 is fast nearing its end, and that it behoves those who like myself write about the game, to take stock of the situation and sum up the results. I propose in this article to confine my attention to the Amateur division, leaving the Professionals for consideration in a future article. I fear that the most ardent admirer of the amateurs must sorrowfully confess that their form in 1905 did not mark any advance on the preceding year. That year was anything but glorious for our amateurs, as it witnessed their defeat in the Amateur Championship by Mr. Travis. I do not for a moment wish it to be supposed that there was any disgrace in their defeat by such a fine player as Mr. Travis, but it ought hardly to have been possible for a stranger at his first attempt to carry off the cup if our men had been in their best form. No, I am afraid the amateur play in 1904 was not at its best, and I could see no sign of improvement this year. I have a very strong opinion that if Mr. Travis had come over to defend his title he would very probably have retained it. I do not wish in any way to detract from Mr. Barry's great achievement in winning, but both in his match with Mr. Graham and in the final struggle against Mr. Scott I saw several holes played in such a manner that a player of Mr. Travis's steady accuracy and iron nerve would have taken immediate advantage of the opportunity. Here I come to the point which seems to me to constitute the chief weakness of the amateurs at the present moment. They play a few holes admirably, and then a rot seems to set in in some department of their game. None of them strikes me as playing with ease. None of them gives me the impression of keeping something up his sleeve, and reserving something extra for critical occasions, in the manner of the late Lieutenant Tait. That player went through his Barry period, if I may so style it, when he put every ounce of his strength into every long shot, with astonishingly erratic results at times. But he came to the conclusion that in this way, though he might prove irresistible at times, there would be many and frequent occasions when this high-pressure style would be the undoing of him. So he took himself severely in hand, with the admirable results which we all know. I am not sure whether amateurs appreciate at its full extent the grievousness of his loss.

The Hon. Osmund Scott
In the Amateur Golf Championship at Prestwick

Mr. P. G. Graham
In the Amateur Golf Championship at Prestwick

Deterioration in Amateur Play

In my poor judgment, the standard of amateur play has steadily deteriorated ever since his death. He was such an eminent and admirable example of what I will call the "low-pressure" style as opposed to the "high-pressure" which has infected all our leading amateurs. So long as Tait was with us the younger players could see in concrete form that accuracy was far more important than mere length. Here was a player who had deliberately abandoned the stormy delights of mere slogging for the more certain rewards of concentrated accuracy and reserve power. He was so eminent, and so much in the public eye as a player, that his example could hardly fail to have the greatest effect on other players. The success of his change of style was so marked, and so immediate, that younger players were bound to be influenced for their good by witnessing it. He died, alas, before the advent of the rubber-cored ball, and we have, therefore, no certain means of judging how he would have shaped his game in view of the altered conditions. But it is reasonable to assume that, having found that mere slogging did not pay with the gutty ball, which, *ceteris paribus*, requires harder hitting than the new ball, he would have found increased reason for adhering to his reserved style, and would have shown us how to get the most out of the rubber-cored invention with the least amount of effort. Everyone who ever watched Lieutenant Tait play in important matches must have been struck by his powers of recovery when he had made a faulty stroke. Now, I feel convinced that this amazing genius for rising to the occasion was partly due to his continual husbanding of his resources throughout the game. It stands to reason that where a player is constantly using his utmost strength for

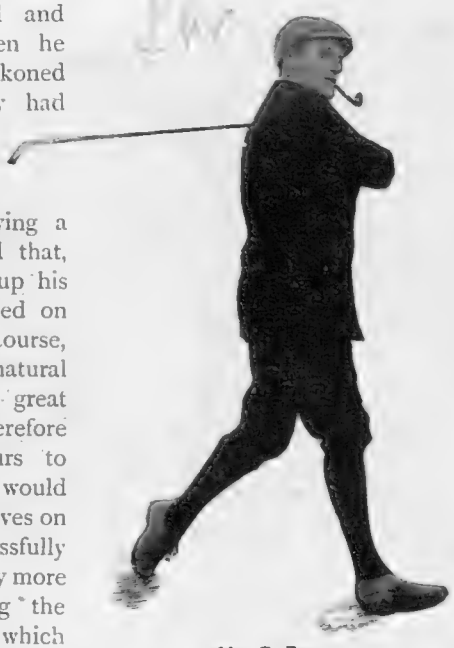


Mr. R. Maxwell
Winner of the Golf Championship at Prestwick

his long shots, he will have nothing left wherewith to impart that extra force so necessary for a critical moment when a great recovery is imperatively called for. The lesson taught by Tait seems in danger of being forgotten, and I have thought it well at this moment, when we are on the eve of another season, to point the moral of his example with all the force at my command. As Mr. Low has somewhere most wisely said, players are apt only to remember that part of the motto of golf which concerns the word "far," and to neglect the more important word "sure."

The Secret of Success

Strict attention to the "sure" department of the game was the secret of Mr. Travis's success, and yet when he first came over, our players hardly considered him in the first class, because nearly all of them could outdrive him. "He is all very well on a short course," said they, "but wait till the course is stretched and the tees put back, and then he won't be in it." But they reckoned without their host, for they had failed to note that Mr. Travis made a point of never doing more than was necessary to ensure his carrying a far hazard from the tee, and that, like Tait, he had something up his sleeve. In his way, he carried on Tait's tradition, though, of course, he had not that player's natural genius for the game or his great physical powers. I would therefore implore our leading amateurs to ask themselves whether they would not do well to model themselves on the style which Tait so successfully adopted, and, like him, to play more within themselves, abandoning the *ignis fatuus* of mere length which has brought so many of them to grief. But I must now come to the purport proper of this article, which is to pass in review the play of the leading amateurs of this year. Pride of place must naturally be accorded to Mr. Barry, who won the two chief events of the season at Prestwick and St. Andrews. I watched him closely at Prestwick, and recorded my opinion of his play at the time. His style is the very embodiment of youth and recklessness. By recklessness I mean that confidence of youth in results which takes no thought of the morrow. If I may say so, the style struck me as an improvident one, which the player would not be able to retain as years went on. There was no ease about it, and every full shot seemed to be delivered at the highest possible pressure. I am told that he has somewhat modified and pruned his flamboyant style, and, if that be so, I heartily congratulate him on his wisdom, for his methods, as I saw them at Prestwick, were bound sooner or later to spell disaster. I am sorry to hear that at no late date we shall lose him, and that India will claim him for her own. But till that sad moment arrives I shall watch his development with the utmost interest, and mark what changes the years he is still with us will bring to his style. His opponent in the final, Mr. Osmund Scott, has kept up his form, for he has achieved a good many successes on his native links at Westward Ho! and with his easy and perfect style he is bound to remain in the front rank of players. I wish he could be induced to abandon those treacherous rubber grips, for they are horrible allies when a match has to be played in rainy weather. I was much impressed with Mr. George Wilkie's play at Prestwick. He defeated Mr. Lyon, the Canadian Champion, no mean adversary for any player to conquer. I have no doubt we shall hear more of him, though I fancy that, like many other fine Scottish players, he only competes in the Amateur Championship when it is played in Scotland. Mr. Horace Hutchinson was, unfortunately, indisposed when at Prestwick, so that we have no means of judging whether his admirable form of the previous year was maintained at the same high pitch of excellence which so nearly landed him a winner at Sandwich. Let us hope that the New Year will bring him renewed health and strength, for there is no finer nor sounder player extant.



Mr. G. Barry
Amateur Champion, 1905

A Group of Prominent Players

Mr. Maxwell must not be neglected in a review of the season, although it has not been a successful one for him. Like many of his compeers, he is going through a bad period, and we may hope that the lessons of adversity will bring him back to that glorious form when he carried all before him. Mr. Cecil Hutchison, though defeated in the first round at Prestwick, has since shown such brilliant form at Sandwich that we may reasonably hope for great achievements from him in the New Year. He is a player of rich promise, and is gifted with the strong physique so necessary to a player in a long competition like the Amateur Championship. Mr. Pollock continues to improve, and put up an amazingly fine game against Mr. Dick, the veteran's extraordinary putting alone bringing him home a winner. I have great faith in Mr. Pollock's game, and his combination of great powers of play, with his cheery and confident disposition, ought to carry him far. Both Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Ball have adorned the year with admirable feats of play, and have conclusively shown that there is life in the old dogs yet. Space fails me to note many other players. To all those I have noted and those I have omitted, I tender my heartfelt wishes for an exceedingly prosperous and happy New Golfing Year.

Ernest Lehmann

The Question of the Hour in Lawn Tennis

By H. S. SCRIVENER

A "Faux Pas" in a Righteous Cause

It is a great pity that the controversy which is now agitating the lawn-tennis world was not started in a more regular manner. Most of those who are at all interested in it know by this time what took place at the Annual General Meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association, and I think we are all agreed that it would have been far better if due notice of the intention to raise a question of such vital importance had been given beforehand, so as to avoid any suggestion of prejudice or personal feeling in the matter. As it is, the case was presented in such a way as to lead to the inference (which may or may not have been correct) that a personal attack upon one member of the Council was being made, and this had the effect of considerably narrowing the scope of discussion which ought to have proceeded entirely upon the broad lines of principle. Nor has the correspondence which has ensued in the *Field* helped very much towards the enunciation of the main issue.

Photo by] **Firing from the new "Rexer" gun at Runnymede** *[Illustrations bureau*

The "Rexer" is a machine gun which is practically a rifle. It weighs 18 lbs., and can fire 15 shots a second. It can be carried in any position, crouching or from the shoulder, by infantry or cavalry. It has been adopted by Japan and Russia alike, and is being tried by England and France, our own War Office having witnessed a successful test at Runnymede recently

The Spot Where the Shoe Pinches

Of course, the *fons et origo* of the controversy is to be traced to the fact that Mr. Archdale Palmer, a vice-president of the Association and the Secretary of the All-England Club, has within the past year been appointed to a responsible position in the firm of Messrs. Slazenger and Sons, who are at the present time the leading manufacturers of lawn-tennis balls, rackets, and other requisites for the game in the United Kingdom. The first question which naturally suggests itself, therefore, is—ought Mr. Palmer, having regard to his business connection, to hold these offices? But this question is really only the application to a particular set of circumstances of a much wider question—a question of principle which must be decided first before subsidiary questions arising under it are determined. If we attack the minor question first, we are confronted at once with Mr. Palmer's popularity, and his undeniable ability as an organiser. The All-England Club has probably never had a better secretary, or the Lawn Tennis Association a more able councilman. We are confronted, too, with the thorough and practical manner in which his firm conduct their business, with the excellence of their goods, the readiness with which they undertake to "fit out" a tournament, often at short notice, and many similar considerations. In a word, we may be willing, and even anxious, to aver that Mr. Palmer has done much, both in a private and in a business capacity, for the advancement of the game.

The Real Question, and the Way to Look at It

But that is not the point. There is a question of principle involved, and that question should be asked and answered without reference to individuals, and with a view not merely to things as they are, but as they may be, in the future. That question, stated as broadly as possible, comes to this:—Is it for the best interests of lawn tennis that anyone who makes money out of the game should have a voice in the management of its affairs? It seems to me that the question stated in this form, as a bare question of principle, carries its own answer on the face of it. Take, for instance, my own case. I am a professional referee and handicapper, and in that capacity I make money out of the game. But I am not officially recognised as such. Anyone who chooses may act as a referee, either for payment, or in an honorary capacity, and we stand or fall on our own merits. Suppose I were elected to a post on the governing body of the game; it is conceivable that I might try

(perhaps in concert with other referees similarly placed) to safeguard my position in various ways.

Conflicting Interests

This might, or might not, be for the good of the game, but, whether it was so or not, it would surely be inexpedient that I myself should have a voice in deciding the question. It would be better decided by men to whom the further, and most important, question of £ s. d. did not, in that particular connection, appeal. And this is perhaps one of the reasons why I do not hold office on an Association of which I was one of the founders. Similarly, if the representative of a firm of manufacturers holds a position either on the Council of the Association or on the committee of the leading club of the kingdom, the inference (whatever the true facts may be), if any question arises in which the best interests of the game and the best interests of his firm are not identical, is that he will be tempted, if not compelled, to exert his influence in the direction of those interests upon which his own livelihood to a greater or less extent depends. Again, it is quite conceivable, once the precedent is established, that several firms of manufacturers might obtain a footing on the Committee of the A.E.L.T.C., or the Council of the Association. What would be the result of that, if, for instance, the ball question again became acute? The meetings of these bodies, in the place of being calm, deliberative assemblies of men devoted solely to the interests of the game itself, would become the battlefields of rival trade interests with no certainty whatever that the strife would end in the adoption of the best make of ball.

The Danger on the Horizon

I could multiply, almost indefinitely, instances to shew that the giving of the government of the affairs of a game to persons who use that game as a means of livelihood is fraught with danger to the interests of that game: but they will occur at once to anyone who takes the trouble to think for a while. The argument that no harm has been done, that all has been well so far, does not appeal to me. We must not be blinded by the present position of affairs, satisfactory though it may be, to less satisfactory possibilities; we must look to the future, and for further developments therein; and we must ask ourselves whether we shall be altogether wise in sanctioning the insertion of "that ancient and dangerous weapon, the thin end of the wedge"—perhaps of professionalism in one of its many forms. Mr. Palmer enjoys the friendship and (deservedly) the esteem of almost everyone, but we must not overlook the fact that he happens to be the incarnation of something which must be regarded with profound suspicion.

The Latest Machine Rifle

That ideal of the modern warrior, a quick-firing machine-rifle, becomes nearer of realisation with the successful trial at Runnymede the other day of the "Rexer." For twenty years, Maxim and other inventors have sought to perfect a weapon that would be dependable, handy, and a simple quick-firer. The advantage of the "Rexer" (illustrated on page 689), which is of Danish origin, is its exceptional lightness —18 lbs. It is to all intents and purposes a rifle, which, while distributing fifteen shots a second, can be held in any position, crouching or standing.

The Army on a Peace Footing: Tommy Atkins's Christmas Dinners at home

Coursing at Newmarket

A VERY enjoyable three days' coursing concluded last Thursday week at Newmarket. The weather, on the whole, was favourable. The presence of the Earl and Countess of Sefton, and the active part taken by the former, who was successful in several stakes, is keenly appreciated by coursing men. The Earl, who, by the by, has just been appointed Master of the Horse in the Royal Household, is the President of the Coursing Club, a position offered him at the last anniversary, as an outcome of his lordship's generous assistance of the Committee in the matter of funds. Two hounds who covered themselves with glory are included in our illustrations, viz., Mr. Fawcett's "Fiendish Fury," which won the Chippenham Stakes, and Sir R. Jardine's "Pin Curl" (Champion Puppy Stakes). The Countess of Sefton takes as keen an interest in sporting as her husband, and in our photograph is seen mounted on horseback on the course.

The Countess of Sefton
Who has taken an active part in the coursing at Newmarket

Mr. G. W. Fawcett's "Fiendish Fury"
It is not surprising that a hound rejoicing in such a name should have proved invincible in the Chippenham Stakes at Newmarket

Sir Robert Jardine's 'Pin Curl"
Which divided with "Hackney Wick" the Championship of the Puppy Stakes. She ran through five courses without a scratch

The Earl of Sefton (new Master of the Horse) **Mr. Alexander** **Mr. Harvey Talbot**
The Earl of Sefton is President of the Newmarket Coursing Club, has done much to assist in the success of the pastime, and has taken part at this year's meeting

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR THIRD COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

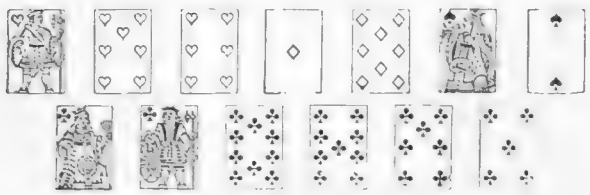
£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.
First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.
SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

SIXTH WEEKLY COMPETITION

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER?

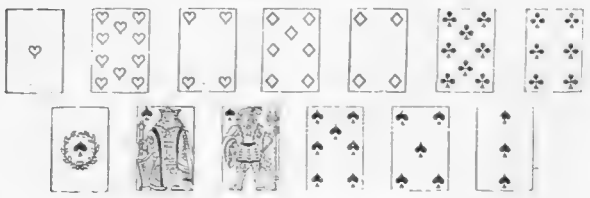
PROBLEM XVI.

Game-all: 2 -all.



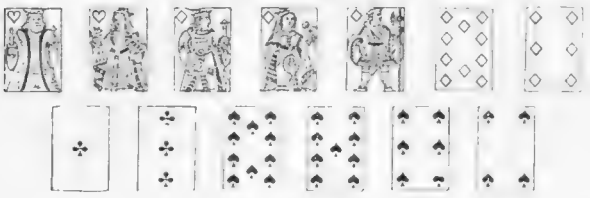
PROBLEM XVII.

Game-all: 20-all.



PROBLEM XVIII.

Love-all.



What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, if you think the right answer to a Problem is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize *of the same value* during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

Third Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

H. A. Dive, Esq., Jesus College, Cambridge.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

Miss Ghita M. Oakes, Narrabri, Rotherfield Avenue, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Miss Derry, 24, Westfield Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following are the marks gained by competitors for solving Problems VII., VIII., and IX., in our Eight Weeks' Competition: —

15, Ranipet; 14, Beechy, Edgbaston, P.M.S., Ray; 13, John Colton; 12, Ap Twn, Beetle, Cardinal, Didums, Engineer II., Fantôme, Luppy, Noxious, Occasional, Peter, President, R.C.M.; 11, Bulbs, Captain Cuttle, Chicane, Dogger, Erin, Fen, Fluffy, Ganmain, Gazèka I., Gollywog, Hes, Imp, J.G.M., L.S.D., Long Compton, Norlands, Notloup, Owing, Pelican, Percy, Pons, Turquoise, Vera; 10, Addie, Aga, Belladonna, Caermol, Cut Cavendish, Darkie, Eblow, Garrison, Kenneth, Longbridge, Not 'Arf, Primrose, Quill, Rieton, Rosina Lily, Summer, Sunshine, Tar Wallah, Travis, Trixrl, Waverley; 9, Auch, Bidian nam Bian, Bids, Blue, Bunch, Cherub, Chieftain, Crossjack, Dunsmore, Eileen, Falcon, Hainault, Idiot, Ina, Irishman, Isosceles, James, Kirkland, Kithogue, Loyal au Mort, Mannamead, Martyr, Mashie, Moth, Noel, Scalpel, Sepoy, Solor, Tarbet, Tom Tit, Tylhus, Vengeance, Wantacas, Willimoteswick; 8, Alexander, Box, Carolus, Chlorodyne, Da, Dew, Domine, Ecclesiasticus, Horatio, Joker, Kathleen, Lalla, Maraquita, Mugwump, Norland, Numeral, Rokeby, Shakespeare, Smitte, Snoodles, Tansan, Wattadam, Winterblossom; 7, Agra, Atholl, Austral, Binkie, Black Diamond, G. Lang, H.A.W., Hockey I., M. Green, Minatur, Napper, Pelham, Stine, Temple, Woffle; 6, Albermarle, Angus, Cardata, Fuchsia, Gondotti, Hockey II., Mizpah, Pernox, Poultry, Punch, Special Scotch, Sunny Jim, Ubique; 5, Bydaud, Candlelight, Stumps; 4, Chips, Lollypop.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM VII.—Clubs. It is a very awkward hand to leave at the score, since Dummy would have to make the best call he could, and it might be a light red one, or a light no-trump with very little chance, owing to the lack of cards of re-entry of establishing your club suit. On the other hand, if Dummy has even a light no-trumper, or a diamond call, or a spade suit, you will most likely go out in clubs.

PROBLEM VIII.—Leave it. This is just about a diamond call and no more; certainly the hand gives no promise of a big score in diamonds. But you are quite likely to get a heart or a no-trump call from your partner, and at love-all you had much better leave it on that chance.

PROBLEM IX.—Hearts. It is certainly a temptation to call no-trumps; but with two weak suits and spades to establish, you are not justified in taking the risk. On the other hand, in hearts, with moderate support from your partner, there is not much chance of your adversaries making game; and if he gives you a good trump you should be able to clear them, establish your spades, and go out.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Assume a cheerfulness though you possess it not, is the motto that rings most insistently in the ears at the Christmas moment. But this year it is wholly impossible, even for those most frivolously inclined, to ignore the big burning national questions of the Unemployed and the pending General Election Respecting the former, several curiously vivid cases have chanced to come under my personal observation, all tending to the belief that those who are genuinely unemployed have no time to parade the streets in noisy battalions, being, as a matter of fact, far too seriously occupied in walking miles after every shadowy chance of work that presents itself.

Such as these are quite unlikely to come under the influence of that Unemployed Fund, and their plight is indeed a piteous one, saving only they fall under individual notice. It is most difficult to reconcile sense and sentiment in the matter, and sad to relate, when one drives to the root of things, ineptitude, more often than not, rises up to the whole discomfort of sentiment.

I could many sorry tales unfold of the autocratic bearing of the tailoring league, who have so bolstered up prices that they have in sort brought good work to a standstill, or at any rate rendered it so prohibitive in price that the average incomes have incontinently turned to consideration of the cheap foreign stuff flung on the market. How anyone in these competitive days dare contemplate assuming a shadow of haughtiness is a never-ending source of wonderment to me. Obviously, the wise old adage of half a loaf being preferable to no bread is quite out of date, and unrecognisable as a piece of sound sense by the School Board product.

A "chic" evening corsage
(Original drawing by K. Pleydell Young)

A Fashion that Never Fades

Reading and hearing so much o coloured silks and velvets, one is sometimes tempted to overlook the quiet insistent taste of the fine black *souple* cloth costume. No matter the fashions that come and go, this goes on for ever, and is ever accounted an elegance among the women who are possessed of the subtle modistic instinct.

But there is always this proviso about a black costume that is destined to leave an impression: it must be of the best superfine quality cloth, perfect style, and unqualified workmanship. I have never yet seen a successful scheme carried through on the cheap, but on the other hand, having indulged in the initial cost, the task is an easy one enough to keep up an interminable run of slightly varied aspects.

Employed with discretion, I like immensely that loosely plaited, coarse silk braid, and observed it the other day employed to perfection on a smartly modelled bolero, with habit basque, in conjunction with a soupçon of Rose du Barri velvet. The fronts opened rather extravagantly over a vest of soft net, adorned with many frills of lace, and the collar, outlined by a narrow but nevertheless quite perceptable ruffle, very closely pleated, of the net.

It was furthermore revealed to me that for the house there is worn with the skirt the most soft, fluffy slip of cream Tambour lace, rendered filmy by a veiling of chiffon, the only touch of colour in the whole attire occurring in the prettiest pair of scarlet leather Court shoes. For coloured kid shoes there is a veritable craze, both for in and outdoor wear, while for full dress the satin *soulier* has been completely ousted under the influence of this cleverly dyed kid.

Belts of Braid and Buttons of Beads

The reflection obtrudes itself whether the latter-day craving after bead effects is not the revival of some primitive instinct, the eye demanding the satisfaction afforded by barbaric, bright, kaleidoscopic effects. But whatever the cause, the fact remains, that we are pleased to hang our necks with heavy beads, carry fine embroidered bead reticules, while the very last aspect of the bead influence is found in buttons, these repeating the familiar reticule designs which in many cases carry strange similitude to savage Eastern fancies. But of bead buttons and buckles we are surely fated to hear more, the powers that rule in that particular *galère* decreeing the departure with a decisive firmness, that I, for one, am prepared to account unto them for grace. Decision, whether for good or evil, has ever something of grandeur about it.

On the plaited braid belts I have fewer words of praise to bestow, but since their presence is self-evident, I am bound to report its advent. In

A visiting elegance

(Original drawing by K. Pleydell Young)

appearance these recall the woven string models of the spring, which sprang up as mushrooms in the night only to disappear as quickly. It is, however, only fair to admit the fine adaptability of these braid prototypes, and, provided their pioneers perceive the becoming advantage of a finer weave, there is every possibility of a ready acceptance being found for them.

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Air de Ballet ... ... *Chaminade*
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A Woman's Note Book

Now is the time for parties! But the worst of it is that in nothing are we more bored and half-hearted than in our festivities: even "something new," which we are ever craving, does not please us for long; and if we wish to see people thoroughly enjoying themselves, we must repair to village schools and parish rooms, where children are easily pleased and mothers and grandmothers—especially grandmothers—can derive exquisite fun from an egg-and-spoon race or find cause for the heartiest laughter in the very poorest joke. Is it because these people work harder than we do that they enjoy themselves so much better? I do not think that is really the secret—or at any rate not all of it. One of our great past, energetic, and *unsleeping* statesmen used to say that life would be bearable if it were not for its pleasures, and yet *he* had share enough in the labours. No, I think it is partly because the poor are simpler than we are; but also because our various entertainments lack spontaneity. For instance, children's parties are not what they were. When we were children we played "hunt the slipper" and "puss in the corner," and laughed as much and as loudly as we pleased. There were no manners and ceremonies beyond the simple injunction not to be naughty or troublesome. A conjurer and magic-lantern gave endless delight; while a good romp was the best of all fun. But now children's parties are grown-up dances; the small visitors have fans, and programmes with their partners' names carefully inscribed thereon; no one must give a really hearty youthful laugh, or superior child friends are reproachful and speak vaguely of bad taste, for everyone knows it is a breach of etiquette to be noisy.

Our own grown-up parties, stiff as they may be, begin to be a little brighter just at Christmas time. We think then that we may relax formalities and be just silly. But there appear to be very few new ideas this year. Last winter's pretty revival of fancy dress seems almost to have faded away again; book teas, geographical teas, progressive all sorts of things, have had their day. I heard lately of a successful toy tea. Each visitor brought a toy, the value of which did not exceed a shilling, and a prize was offered for the most original and funniest. Afterwards the toys were packed up and dispatched to a children's hospital, where the comicalities must greatly have cheered the little inmates. Besides, much fun was derived by the invited guests from the besieging of toy-shops in search of the greatest oddity.

The only real novelty I have heard of is that strange thing called a "motor-mask party." No one could object to *that* entertainment on the score of stiffness; it is likely, I should think, to prove a source of the most unaffected merriment. But I have never been to such an entertainment, and I think many of my readers will agree with me in doubting whether they would *care* to go. A few people—half a dozen at most—in a motor-car are sufficiently ugly; but fancy a whole room full of them—motor-faces at every turn; it is almost creepy, and would surely demand iron nerves to withstand such ghastly influence. And at night, too! It would be quite as conducive to nightmare as an indigestible supper. One might almost as well spend a long evening in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: RÉCHERCHÉ SUPPER DISHES

Chicken and Tongue à la Savoy
Lobster Cutlets in Aspic
Oyster Patties
Pâte de Foie Gras Sandwiches

Chicken and Tongue a la Savoy

Clean and prepare for boiling two fowls, wrap in a cloth, boil till cooked, then leave to get cold. Cut up the birds into joints, and mix in a basin one gill of salad oil, one dessertspoonful of vinegar, pepper, and salt, and soak the pieces of fowl in this for a quarter of an hour; then drain and wipe dry on a cloth. Make some good white sauce, flavour it with pepper, salt, a little mace and cayenne, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and when it has boiled, dissolve some aspic jelly in it, sufficient to stiffen and glaze the whole sauce. Place the pieces of cold fowl separately on a dish, and when the sauce has cooled, dip the fowl in it. Arrange the fowl on a bed of salad, composed of lettuce, beetroot, etc., well mixed with a good salad dressing, and on the joints of the fowls have a layer of thin slices of tongue cut into half circles.

Lobster Cutlets in Aspic

Take all the meat from the lobster and cut it up into pieces, with a very small piece of onion, a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of cayenne, and a very tiny piece of lemon-peel; pound all in a mortar till smooth, and mix in sufficient lobster butter to make the whole a bright red; then add butter till the mixture can be easily moulded; after moulding, flour them, shape into cutlets, egg and breadcrumb each, and fry in a saucepan in plenty of fat. Have some good aspic jelly, and, when nearly cold, mask each cutlet with it. A small piece of claw should be stuck into the end of each cutlet to resemble a bone. Dish them in a circle, and serve in the centre a macédoine of vegetables in mayonnaise sauce. N.B.—Lobster butter is made by pounding the spawn with butter.

Oyster Patties

About ½ lb. of puff pastry will be required for the patties, which must be rolled out till it is about half an inch thick. Stamp it out in rounds, about the size of a wineglass, make a ring in the centre with a small cutter, but do not press it far in. Bake the cases in a quick oven till they are a delicate brown—then carefully remove the marked centre and save it to lay on the top of the patty when done. Put two dozen oysters and their liquor into a saucepan. Let them just reach boiling point, then take them at once from the fire. Strain off the liquor and save it. Beard the oysters and cut each in three pieces. Melt 2½ oz. of butter in a pan, stir in 2 oz. of flour, then add one pint of milk and the oyster liquor, and let it boil. Add to it a little lemon-juice and a pinch of cayenne. When the sauce is quite thick, add the oysters. Fill the cases with the mixture, put on the little tops of pastry, and they are ready to serve.

Pâte de Foie Gras Sandwiches

Buy a pot of pâte de foie gras, make sandwiches in the usual way, cut very daintily. A small piece of aspic jelly put on the foie gras is a great improvement.

EMILIA.

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No More 6 h.-p. De Dions

I had occasion last week to remark on the absence at the Paris Show of really good voiturettes. On the artistic stand of Messrs. De Dion-Bouton et Cie I missed one familiar feature: the 6 h.-p. voiturette. This popular little car was so satisfactory, and ran so well, that its disappearance is a distinct loss to the public who want a good sound article at a low price. Like most firms of experience, Messrs. De Dion find higher-powered, higher-priced cars pay best. They have accordingly added a higher-powered four-cylinder, namely, a 24 h.-p., to their numerous types. This year they make two single-cylinder cars, an 8 h.-p., and a 9 h.-p.—this latter is the largest and most powerful single-cylinder ever offered to the public—a 12 h.-p. two-cylinder, a 15 h.-p., and a 24 h.-p., the last two being four-cylinder types. As usual, all these models exhibit the highest workmanship. They are, I think, the one firm who still stick to the automatic inlet valve. These valves may be a trifle noisier than the mechanically operated valve, but they are more efficient. Another good feature still retained this year on their higher-powered types is their engine lubricator—a gear-driven pump on the motor automatically circulating the oil and lubricating every bearing in a sufficient manner without attention.

The Victory of the Mechanical Valve

What one expected last year, this exhibition confirms—the disappearance of the automatic inlet valve. Only one maker that I know of is fitting it—De Dion. Now this makes for thinking. The Puteaux firm are no fools, and it is natural to ask why they continue to fit it. The answer is that an engine gives more power with automatic valves, and, if properly made, they give no trouble at all. But they make a shade more noise than their mechanical brothers. So away goes efficiency. This desire for absolute silence has led to baffling down the exhaust on all up-to-date cars, until it is practically noiseless. Silence is a good point, but here, again, it is at the expense of power. Some arrangement for freeing the exhaust is therefore advisable, so fitted that it is easily controllable from the seat. In the new Mercédès it is put into action by a sort of accelerator pedal. It helps the car up steep hills. At night, too, it is quite a good thing to warn other traffic of the car's approach.

Photo by] **Opening of the Hornsey, Wood Green, and Alexandra Palace Electric Tramway, December 16** [*Cooke*

The photograph shows the arrival of the first car at the Alexandra Palace. The new line was opened by Sir Francis Cory-Wright

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More than Four Cylinders

Some two years ago one of the well-known French makers turned out a car with eight cylinders. It was not a success, and there seems no tendency in France to employ more than four cylinders. Increasing the number of cylinders means additional engine length, a longer wheel-base, and more complication. But if not six or more cylinders, we may yet have six wheels. It is claimed that a car with this number of wheels is immune from side-slip, and on that account alone, M. Janvier, who exhibited a six-wheeled 'bus chassis, hopes to do business. The De Dietrich Company showed a six-wheeled touring model with special springing arrangements. I am inclined to think that the additional complication of another pair of wheels may be justified. The elimination of side-slip, an extremely comfortable suspension, less wear and weight on each individual wheel; all these advantages are claimed, and it is quite possible that some such system as the De Dietrich will be found of value for heavy touring cars and traction vehicles.

An Up-to-date Garage

A new garage in Kensington Square was opened to the public last Wednesday. Situate in James Street, close by High Street, Kensington, it is surrounded by battalions of huge flats. Flats invariably lack stable accommodation, so that the new establishment should find customers in the immediate neighbourhood. The garage consists of three asphalted floors, each measuring 50ft. by 150ft., and capable of accommodating two hundred of the largest cars, passage for which from one floor to another is by a powerful hydraulic lift. The provision of enclosed private boxes where cars may be stabled for long or short periods at a moderate rental is a feature. Comfortably furnished dressing-rooms and bathrooms are provided for clients, while other rooms—containing lockers—are arranged for chauffeurs. The building, glass-roofed, is lit by electricity, and, important desideratum, warmed throughout with hot-water apparatus. In the basement is a smithy, fitted with a forge and appliances for repairing and overhauling cars. The Kensington Square Garage—being approximate to one of the main thoroughfares to and from London—supplies a want which will be appreciated by the motorist.

Another New Car

Captain Deasy, well known for his alpine motoring feats, is putting on the market a new all British car. As designer and works manager, Mr. E. W. Lewis will co-operate in its production. Mr. Lewis's name is well known to the public in connection, first, with the Daimler Company, and latterly, as designer of the Rover cars. The Deasy car is to be a 16 h.-p. four-cylinder of the latest design. Reliability, excellence of workmanship, and moderate price being the points the makers are aiming at. British-made throughout, it will be long enough for side-entrance bodies, and strong enough to carry laudaulette bodies. For its production an entirely new and up-to-date factory will be erected near Coventry. Captain Deasy, who is sole concessionaire for the Martini, a Swiss-made car, is familiar with the wants of the public and the condition of the automobile trade. Mr. A. C. Hills will be in charge of the commercial side of the undertaking.

Alfred C. Hunter

A possible solution of the tramway question

This new track leading up to Alexandra Palace for the new electric tramway, opened December 16, would seem to offer a solution of the vexed question of tramways on our roads. Tramway companies ought to acquire space at the side of the road for their tracks. They ought not to be allowed to monopolise existing thoroughfares to the detriment of other traffic

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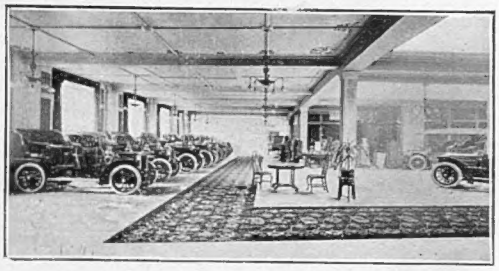

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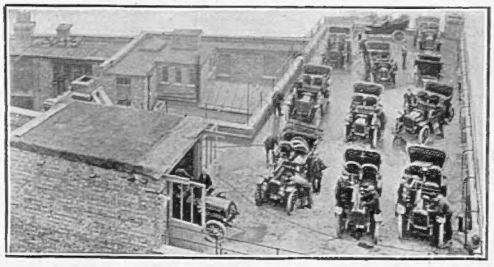

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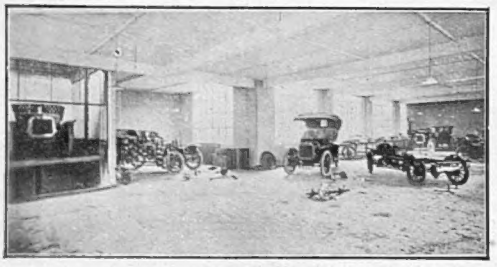

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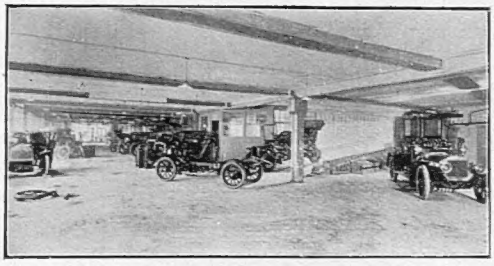

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Editor's Box

Xmas Cigars

The demand for cigars at Xmas is responsible for the appearance on the market at that time of a certain class of cigars which can only be described as a snare and a delusion. Packed in beautifully decorated boxes, labelled with flowing (and fictitious) Spanish names, they are to all outward semblance good, but the cigars themselves are not of equal quality to the box and name. Buyers of Xmas cigars, for either their own smoking or for giving as Xmas presents, will be well advised in spending their money on a brand of cigars of known quality, such as Freemans' Darvel Bay (F.D.B.) Segars, which represent the reputation and experience of a firm that has been established fifty-four years. They are Segars which have obtained Prize Medals at all Exhibitions, and such as are likely to be highly appreciated by purchasers and recipients.

"Matchless" Metal Polish

How very seldom one sees household glasses and other metal wares kept in really perfect condition. Too often, particularly in town, where smoke and smuts render constant attention most necessary, do really beautiful brasses become quite dull and commonplace-looking by wrong treatment. Inferior pastes and powders work almost more havoc than actual neglect, and, for this reason alone, it behoves everyone to see that a really good cleanser and polishing agent, such as the "Matchless" Metal Polish, be used in their kitchens and by their housemaids. It is, first and foremost, absolutely harmless in action, and contains no acids, grit, or other ingredients to impoverish the quality of the metal for which it is used. It is, in addition, quite cheap, while it can be had either in liquid form or in a powder, and is so easy to use that the housmaids' polishing work is very much minimised by its assistance. Concerning the results of using it, and the polish it induces upon the surface of the metal, one need only say that, in according it the secondary title of "tinned sunshine," its makers are in every respect within their rights. It does, indeed, work wonders in giving a bright and—what is even more important—a really lasting polish. Another splendid speciality of the Matchless Metal Polish Company is Komo, an excellent black enamel for grates, etc. It is quick, easy, and reliable to use—three merits that speak volumes in its favour. It is in no wise affected by heat—always, of course, a great consideration where grate enamels are concerned—and it induces immediately on the dullest and rustiest of grates, or on wood or tinware, a beautiful or enamel-like surface. Among the Company's numerous other specialities must be mentioned Komo Furniture Cream, Komo Plate Powder, Komo Dry Window Cleaner, and the Komo Domestic and Lavender Ammonias.

Spratt's Illustrated Almanack

Spratt's illustrated almanack for 1906 is the very thing for a sportsman's library or study. It contains eight "doggy" pictures by eminent artists, and additional drawings by specialist artists of guinea fowls, Mongolian pheasants, canaries (lizard, crested, and Norwich), and partridge Wyandottes. To readers of THE BYSTANDER who apply at once for a copy, it will be posted free. Post-cards should be addressed, Calendar Department, Spratt's Patent, Limited, 24, Fenchurch Street, London.

New Theatre

T.R.H. the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with the Princess Victoria, were present at the fiftieth performance of *Captain Drew on Leave*, with Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in the cast, at the New Theatre a week or so back. There was a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

Amateur Theatricals

In aid of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, the West Kent Amateur Comedy Company gave a very successful performance of *The Upper Crust*, preceded by Pinero's *Hester's Mystery*, on December 14 at St. George's Hall, which resulted in a good sum being handed over to the Institution. The company, though an amateur one, is certainly not amateur in its performances. Special mention, however, should be made of the excellent acting of Mr. J. Farries Moss, both as the smug principal of Silverdale's Academy in *Hester's Mystery*, and as the empty-headed young baronet, Sir Robert Boobleton, in *The Upper Crust*.

A Famous Producer of Plays

Mr. Martin Harvey is very happy to be able to announce that he will in future have the benefit of the valuable advice of his old friend, Mr. H. J. Loveday, in all his productions and undertakings. Mr. Loveday was, of course, for thirty years, the right hand of the late Sir Henry Irving, and perhaps only those intimately acquainted with the Lyceum days know how much Sir Henry's productions owed to the direction and expert knowledge of Mr. Loveday. It is interesting to learn, too, that it was at his instigation that Sir Henry allotted his first part to Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Loveday joins Mr. Martin Harvey for his Spring tour, which opens at Southport on January 15.

Our Coloured Supplement

With this issue is presented a coloured supplement, entitled "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," by A. K. Macdonald, with whose graceful drawings readers of THE BYSTANDER are familiar. Indeed, this artist is one of those who have created a type of feminine beauty. The "Macdonald Girl" can hold up her head with any of her sisters.

A Useful Sporting Notebook

A very useful pocket-book for sportsmen generally is the "Badminton" diary, which, in addition to the usual space for notes, contains alphabetical lists for the forthcoming year of sporting and social events of all kinds, statistics, time-tables, and all kinds of general information. Published by A. Webster and Co., 43, Dover Street.

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